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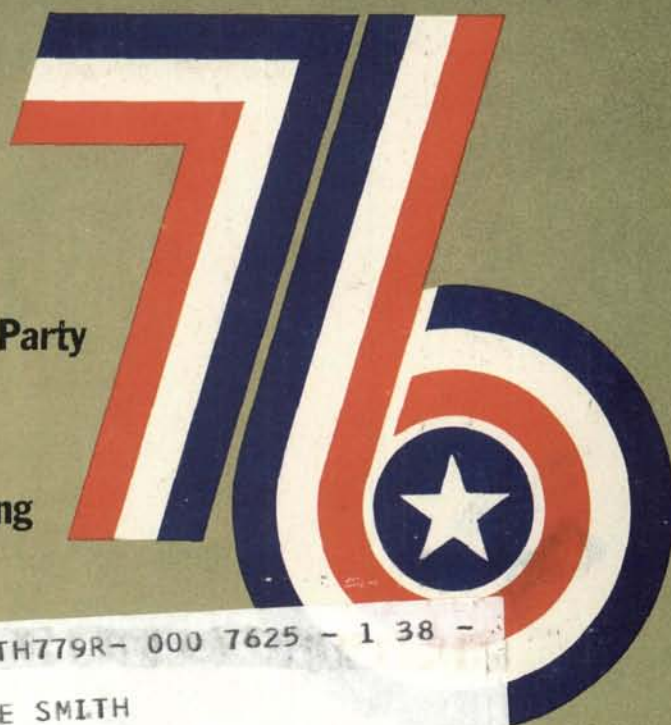
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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Canada at the Crossroads
by Donald Coxe

Brezhnev and the International Party
by James Burnham

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. on
Hubert Humphrey ♦ Nicholas King
on the UN ♦ John Chamberlain
on Chile ♦ Ruth Berenson
on Calder and Wyeth



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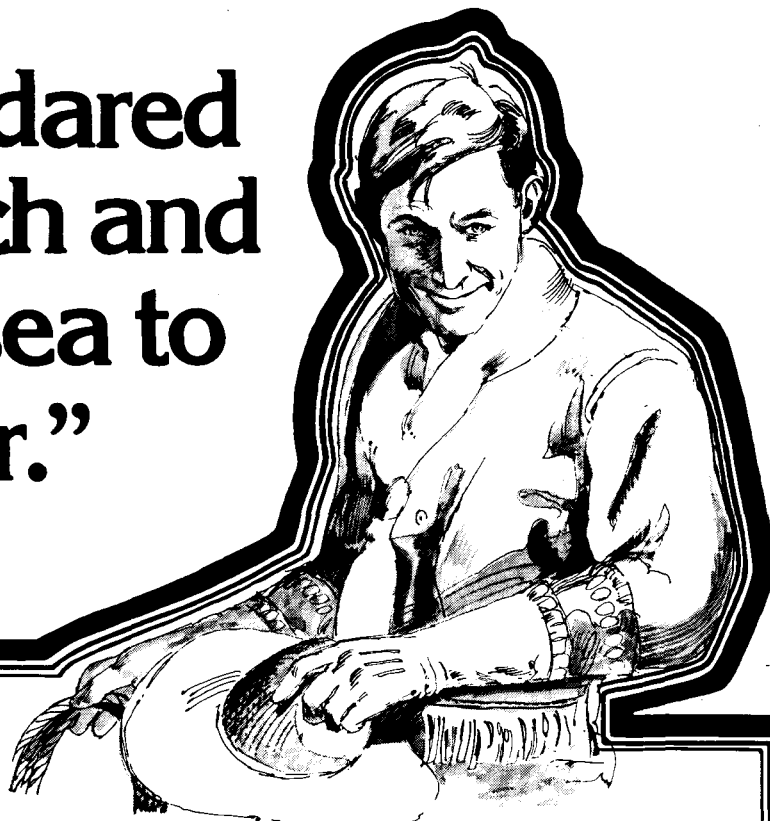
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We hope you agree.

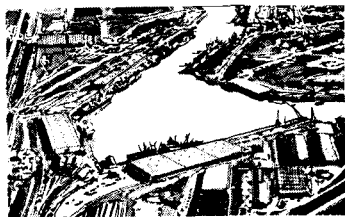
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Will Rogers



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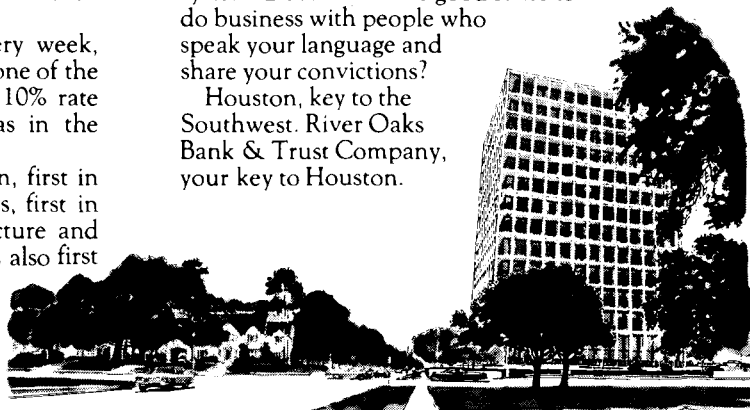
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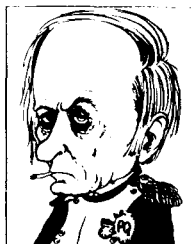
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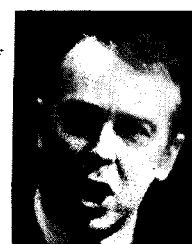
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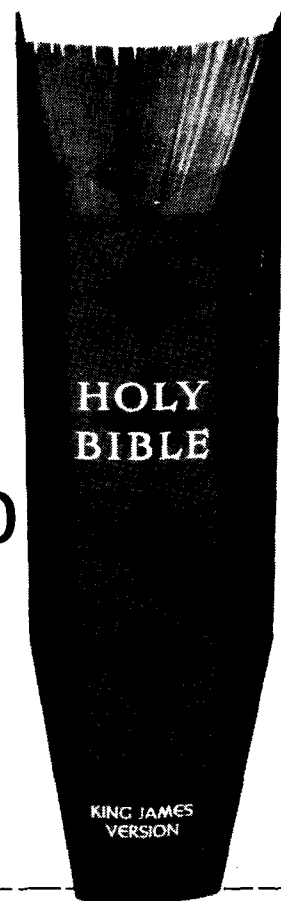
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Letters

A WASPish Refrain

Chilton Williamson Jr.'s "Twilight of the WASP" [Dec. 10] reminded me irresistibly of Flanders and Swann's "Song of Patriotic Prejudice" (their suggestion for an official national song for England). The basic refrain (with variations) went:

*The English, the English, the English
are best,
So up with the English and down with
the rest.*

The summing-up stanza, after a derogatory whirl through Europe and a total ignoring of the rest of the world, went:

*It's not that they're wicked,
Or naturally bad;
It's knowing they're foreign
That makes them so mad.*

Flanders and Swann, of course, were, at least half (i.e., with whatever percentage of their blood was Welsh, Russian, or Flemish), kidding. May I assume from the author's photograph on the contents page of this issue that Mr. Williamson is too? *Mt. Kisco, N.Y.* EMILY HUTCHINSON

The View Ahead

Despite what the polls had been telling us for so many months, I am stunned by the reality of what we must face on January 20 next: a hick guru with nothing more to recommend him than one term as the mediocre governor of a backwoods state, and a socialist snake-oil salesman who owes it all to Hubert Humphrey—as Charlie McCarthy owes it all to Edgar Bergen.

And the galling thing is to think that Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, and—yes—Gerald Ford did this to us. Had Nixon not been such a bungler, Vice President Ford would surely have been beaten for the nomination by Reagan, as witness how close President Ford came to getting dumped. Had Agnew not become a common grafter, he would have been running for re-election with the enthusiastic support of conservatives. And if Gerald Ford had had the guts to announce on the day after he assumed the Presidency that under no circumstances would he be a can-

didate for President in 1976, Republicans untainted by Watergate could have used the intervening time to prepare for the battle.

So, where to from here? Democrats in Congress will be eminently beatable in '78, given six months to a year of the double-digit inflation we surely face. If we cannot take advantage of the opportunity, the GOP does not deserve to survive. By 1980 Jimmy Carter will be even more vulnerable than any Democrat would have been in 1968—provided we are not all by then so radioactive that we glow in the dark. But will there be a national party capable of taking him on? By 1980 we had better be ready—if not under the Republican banner, then elsewhere. That will be our last chance. If we fail then, we face economic collapse at a minimum and possibly a coup, anarchy, and war.

Ronnie Reagan, take your Geritol!
Charlottesville, Va. J. A. REHYANSKY

'Christian Socialists'

Clare Boothe Luce ["The Light at the End of the Tunnel of Love," Nov. 12] speaks from a lofty pinnacle. However, she would profit, perhaps, from being a little less Pharisaic. She can well afford to call Democrats "Christian Socialists." A great number of Americans do not object to being labeled Christian anything. In my very narrow and prejudiced view, all our troubles are due to our drift away from the Christianity implicit with our Founding Fathers.

Incidentally, I have always loved Boston and New England, and see the North as part of the United States. Why is it so difficult for Yankees to see the South as part of the same country? Now that some industries are moving into the Southern part of the United States, Northerners seem to be disturbed as much as when we were agrarian. Our forefathers fought for independence against Britain, too. And we have played our part in every other war; I expect that you will find fewer here who had rather be "Red than dead" than in the East.

DANIEL M. ADAMS MD
Panama City, Fla.

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If we ever needed convincing, the stateswoman of our times proves to us that "Christian Socialism" may be America's undoing as it was the undoing of Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany.

Mrs. Luce also reminds us of Miz Lillian's estimate of her son, "I hate to use the word ruthless, but Jimmy's going to win or bust. He'll go through hell to get what he wants."

God help America.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

Employing an egregiously distorted reference to Weimar Germany, Clare Boothe Luce suggests that, as a "Christian Socialist," Jimmy Carter would be susceptible to fascism (an invective so vile it seems to have escaped even Senator Dole). While it is true that most Christians in Weimar Germany, whether Protestant or Catholic, greeted Hitler's rise to power with enthusiasm, it is blatantly false to imply that they were also socialists. Most of them belonged to rightist and centrist parties vigorously committed to anti-Communist nationalism while only marginally committed to the democratic process. The only party in Weimar Germany firmly committed to democratic values was that of the German Socialists (SPD). Those few Christians who were also socialists—such as Karl Barth, Paul Tillich, and Emil Fuchs—were, contrary to Mrs. Luce,

among the earliest and most outspoken critics of the Hitler regime.

New Haven, Conn. GEORGE HUNSINGER

Disagreements

The article "How Will the Good Guys Fare in '76?" [Nov. 12] was most interesting and informative. However, the 9th Congressional District of Virginia has a very fine conservative Republican congressman, William C. Wampler (he was safely re-elected), and not a liberal as your article suggests.

Grundy, Va.

DEWITT COUNTS

Re "For the Record" [Oct. 29]: Mr. Gutterson, much as I regret it, never was in a position to give Udall a tough race. This is common knowledge.

Phoenix, Ariz.

CLARK R. DIERKS

Chief Deputy Treasurer
State of Arizona

Solti vs. Bowie

In your perceptive editorial "Campus Barometer Rising" [Nov. 12], you asked, "Where is the acid rock, and where, indeed, is the acid, of yesteryear?" How, then, could you publish in the same issue a piece in which Russell Kirk suggests replacing Elton and Bowie with Bach and Beethoven in the student union? Or no, Kirk's talking about acid rock, which, as you observed, is no longer heard, not that Kirk seems to know the difference.

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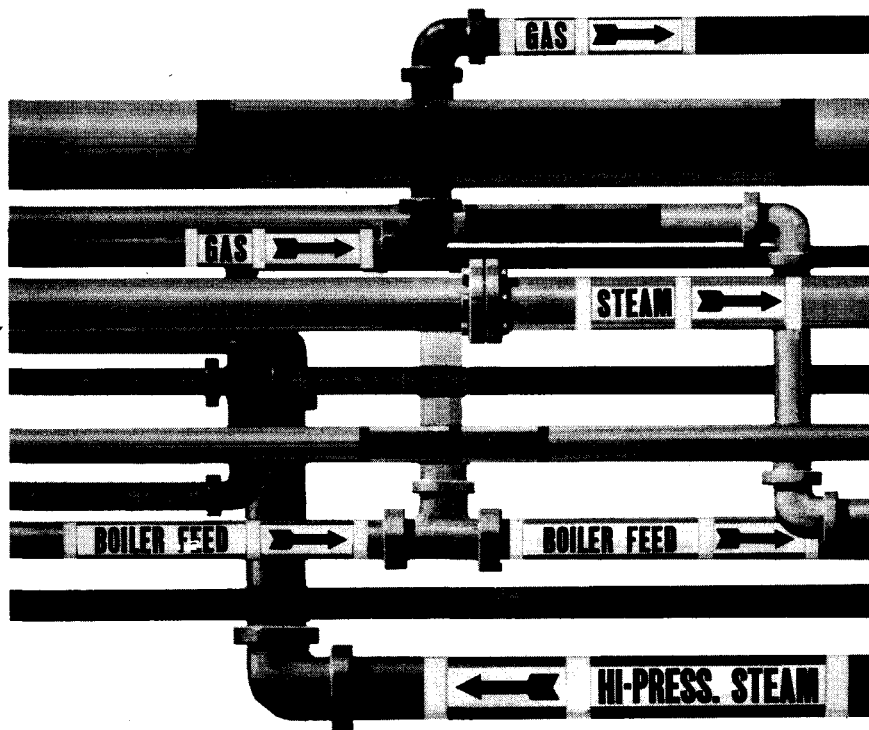
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Cambridge, Mass.

ROSA CUMARE

The Non-Idle Non-Rich

In his column entitled "Handouts" [Nov. 12], William Rickenbacker refers to persons getting support from the government as slave-owners. Some of his slave-owners are on Social Security. I worked for Social Security for a year and I know how the system is set up and how much it pays. If an eighty-year-old widow surviving on \$200 a month is a slave-owner I'm a horse's ass. (Note I said surviving, you can't live on \$200 a month.)

Rickenbacker's ignorance of the human experience is incredible. He asks why Social Security should be mandatory. If people are not required to provide for their retirement they don't provide for it and become public charges, to be supported out of tax funds. Or, of course, they can beg in the streets.

As a conservative I know there are things wrong with Social Security and with a lot of the government. But I also know that the glib attitude of Rickenbacker contributes nothing.

San Francisco, Calif. JONATHAN JORDAN

I was blissfully reading the latest issue of *NR* in my usual euphoric state—caused no doubt by receiving the magazine in one piece and with a column by Dr. Kirk—when I stumbled across page 1236.

Being appreciative of Mr. Rickenbacker's way with words, I sat down to enjoy his column and did so until paragraphs four and five where active-duty military are lumped with welfare recipients in the 81.3 million people who live off tax money! As if that were not bad enough, he later refers to the "smaller number of idle rich, a mere 81.3 million, [who] live off the sweat of the working man."

Now, I am horribly biased on this issue—my father served this country for 22 years (several in a German POW camp),

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my husband is career Navy, and I am in the middle of a three-year hitch and plan to continue.

I don't consider myself idle; I am far from being rich. I contribute to the taxes that support the military budget, in effect paying my own salary. And I resent being called a parasite. Mr. Rickenbacker's parenthetical "apology" only makes me a *non-reprehensible* parasite.

This is the kind of kick in the teeth that the military man has had to endure, listening to how good we have it while trying to make ends meet on an enlisted man's salary. And then good conservatives wonder why fewer EMs stay in after their first hitch and why talk of a military union is growing.

Yet there are some of us crazy enough, or patriotic enough (if you'll pardon my old-fashioned terminology), to endure at least a while longer to see if the trend will reverse. But if Mr. Rickenbacker is stating the dominant conservative view, then God help us.

Glenview, Ill. KAREN-ANN GONZALEZ
AT2 USNR-R (TAR)

Jews and Catholics

Having read the editorial "Raising Catholic Consciousness" [July 23] I would be left with the impression, if I did not know better, that interfaith relations between Jews and Catholics are a waste of time.

Yes, there is a strong and powerful anti-Catholic feeling among *some* members of the Jewish community, just as there is a strong and powerful anti-Jewish feeling among *some* members of the Catholic community. That points up the need for more, rather than less, ecumenism. It also points up the need for those who have leadership talents to take the lead in initiating interfaith dialogue, rather than preventing it.

The assertion that the Catholic stand on abortion and federal aid to parochial schools gets no aid or sympathy from any faction of the Jewish community is clearly nonsense. Traditional Jews oppose the wanton taking of life. Traditional Jews also want parochial schools (Yeshivot and Talmudi Torah included) to be supported with federal aid, without regulations which cancel the character of religious schools. That some liberal and/or atheistic members of the Jewish community choose to act in desecration of the Holy Name does not mean we all do. We are not all happy that this society seems to prefer the values of Sodom and Gomorrah to those of Sinai and Jerusalem.

I hope you are successful in raising Catholic consciousness. And I hope you wish us well in raising Jewish consciousness. It is the observance and practical application of the Judaeo-Christian traditions that have made this country the moral leader of the world. Hopefully, a revival of traditional religions can reconstruct and develop that moral leadership.
Spring Valley, N.Y. A. WOROB

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FOR THE RECORD

■ *Somebody* cares about the **Republican Party** if the battle that is raging over it is any indication. . . . The Washington-based American Conservative Union is putting its muscle into a campaign to get **Ronald Reagan**—who says he doesn't want it—elected to replace **Mary Louise Smith** as GOP National Chairman. The ACU is urging the faithful to sign pro-Reagan petitions. . . . **John Connally**, who at first said he didn't want the job, changed his mind and is running all-out. . . . And the *Washington Post*, whose motives could be mixed, suggests outgoing Treasury Secretary **William Simon** would be a good compromise candidate. He's popular with conservatives because of his fiscal policies; he's popular with the centrist **Ford** wing of the party as a Ford team player. . . . While the National Chairmanship battle is a Center-Right fight, in Congress itself the GOP lineup is Left against Right. . . . In the Senate, **Robert Dole** has just announced that he'd like to replace **Robert Griffin** as Minority Whip, in an effort to stall the candidacy of liberal **Ted Stevens** of Alaska. (Griffin wants to succeed **Hugh Scott** as Minority Leader; seems to have the inside track on that one.) . . . And conservative Sen. **Clifford Hansen** (Wyo.) has just announced against liberal **Robert Stafford** (Vt.) in the race for Secretary of the Republican Caucus, an important policy-making spot.

■ The Senate Democratic old guard is moving to block Sen. **Robert Byrd** of West Virginia in his drive to replace **Mike Mansfield** as Majority Leader.



Mahood, *Punch*

Rothco

Byrd is regarded as insufficiently liberal by **George McGovern**, who says **Hubert Humphrey** is the "logical candidate" for the job, and **Edmund Muskie**, who has retired as a candidate in favor of HHH. . . . Humphrey claims he now has twenty senators lined up behind his candidacy, to 22 for Byrd and ten or 12 for **Fritz Hollings** (S.C.). Hollings contests those figures, says that Byrd is backed by between 25 and thirty senators—with 32 needed to elect. . . . In the House, Democratic Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill**, who will succeed **Carl Albert** as Speaker, says privately he will accept anyone but radical **Phillip Burton** (Calif.) as Majority Leader. O'Neill, say pros on the Hill, may have to "go public" on that position to block Burton's election. . . . The reason why New York Mayor **Abraham Beame** has been pressing **Carter** so urgently to offer **Bella Abzug** a big job in the Carter Administration is not hard to figure. Bella has been making noises about running for Beame's job. . . . Bella, incidentally, will get this year's **Tom Paine** award from the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which was described by a House committee some time back as "Com-

munist-controlled." The award will be presented by long-time Soviet apologist **Corliss Lamont**.

■ Some of the bad guys make good: **Robert Sheer**, former *Ramparts* editor who conducted *Playboy's* lust-in-my-heart interview, is writing a follow-up book on Jimmy Carter for Random House. . . . Success has come to **John Dean**, presumably for getting both **Richard Nixon** and **Earl Butz** fired. He's

been signed as a regular columnist for *Rolling Stone*; **David Susskind** has bought the rights to his book *Blind Ambition* for a CBS special. . . . Feminist **Kate Millett** will have an autobiography out in the spring, recounting, among other things, her love affair with an older woman. . . . **John Ehrlichman's** novel has been sold to ABC. . . . **Che Guevara's** biography by his father, **Ernest Guevara Lunch**, is due in the new year, from a Mexican house. . . . And it was the combination of a new article, in *Oui*, and a new book he is writing on CIA activities in England that resulted in the order for **Philip Agee's** deportation. Some sensitive material he collected for the book and the article led British security forces to demand his ouster. The *Oui* piece says the CIA spent \$500,000 in England trying to recruit mercenaries for the Angola war. . . . Jimmy Carter's own *Why Not the Best?* is now out in Italy under the title: *When I Was Five Years Old I Was Selling Peanuts*.

■ It's a puzzlement: HEW has ordered the University of Seattle to disband the **Association of Faculty Wives**—unless the group agrees to admit men.

THE WEEK

■ The Brazilian government, possibly with an eye on Gringo affairs, has computerized its tax collections and issued six million color comix telling Brazilian school-children what fun it is to pay taxes.

■ Black Studies programs have shrunk from 500 to 200 on American college campuses, and are still shrinking. At best, the programs were limited academically; at worst, they were a racket that enabled colleges to recruit athletes, fill quotas, and enjoy ideological thrills, without paying much attention to qualifications. Their decline signifies the growing normalization of the black student population; students are recognizing the importance of a more soundly conceived education for both graduate-school and career purposes. The same phasing-out process will undoubtedly begin some day with Women's Studies and Indian ("Native American") programs, bringing with it an increment of intellectual health to the academy as a whole.

■ Ronald Reagan, giving three-minute radio analyses of assorted political issues, has been keeping his one-liners well on target. A few samples: *On Africa*: "The African problem is a Russian weapon aimed at us." *On Berkeley's proposed street tax*: "Pass the cream; I think I'm at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party." *On aid to the cities*: "It is true that part of our troubles stem from Washington's confiscation of tax sources which should properly be left at state and local levels, but more money is not as good an answer as less spending by the cities themselves." *On the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill*: "It would have the net effect of one day regulating every American's life from birth to death." *On Federal Government*: "Is the Federal Government a hotbed of political liberals? You bet it is, if you have anything to bet after taxes."

■ In reaffirming traditional Catholic teachings on "sex"—more precisely, on the sanctity of the marital union—the U.S. bishops have blasphemed against the *Zeitgeist*, whose oracles have already spoken with their usual finality. One such oracle, the *Detroit Call to Action*, was examined by Russell Kirk last issue. Another, New York's Catholic Alternatives, has announced: "We, the people, are the church. We intend to remove the entire area of sexuality out of the confessional." The new creed couldn't be put more succinctly than that: It means that priests and bishops are defunct, except perhaps to grant absolution to penitent corporate executives, and—what is of more general concern—that sexual behavior,

so close to the center of human life, is too trivial for the attention of conscience. Why are opposition to, and even criticism of, birth control devices, homosexuality, and abortion supposed to be preoccupations of Catholics—or rather Catholic clergymen—alone? Part of the reason is to be found in media coverage, which almost unanimously accepts the rebels' self-designation as "the laity," as if those laymen who honor (even if they sometimes disobey) the traditional teachings don't count, and as if those who disobey can be presumed to do so out of principle rather than weakness.

■ Smart-alecky *New Times* once called Republican Senator William Scott of Virginia the "dumbest congressman" on the Hill. Scott has just proved the point. Having failed to spend 45 per cent of the nearly \$2 million he was authorized to spend in his first four years in office, he returned the balance to the Treasury.

■ Yet another unanticipated consequence of the Right to Abort: obstetricians are increasingly finding that young couples, learning that the child they are expecting isn't the boy (or girl) they wanted, are having her (him) aborted and starting over. "We all of us are encountering it," says a Harvard medical genetics specialist. "It's a hairy problem, and we have our own internal confusions over how to solve this." Thus the latest woman's right, amalgamated with new techniques of detection, issues in *prenatal* sex discrimination.

■ If It's Worth Doing, It's Worth Doing at a Profit, Lesson No. 236,119. The hot-lunch program at Benton (Arkansas) High School was a disaster. Complaining about the poor quality of the school's food, 90 per cent of the students ate out and the high school cafeteria lost \$1,000 a month. Harried officials gave up, closed the cafeteria, and invited McDonald's to put in a restaurant. Now 60 per cent of the students eat in, spending enough on Big Macs and Quarter Pounders to make the franchise profitable and, incidentally, to save \$12,000 a year in taxes.

■ Both Russia and the UN have suffered verbal assaults from William ("Big Bill") Scranton, U.S. ambassador

Carter-Watching

It's just the merest flutter;
It may not mean a thing.
You shouldn't trust this speck of dust
For first-class auguring.
I wouldn't call your broker,
Nor would I place a bet.
I'm not sure why, but FYI
Tom Wicker is upset.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A Naderite to be commissioner of the United States Food and Drug Administration? Drug industry representatives here believe that's one of the things Ralph Nader asked for when he visited Plains. And they also believe that Carter may deliver. Although he has been making cooing sounds at business lately, going so far as to hint that there may be an advisory role in his Administration for William Simon, Carter's views on the drug industry, as on all aspects of the health-care issue, are close to Nader's. Also, the approximately 35 people who make up Mary King's "health-policy group"—and who will be advising Carter on all matters concerning health—share, nearly to a man, common backgrounds: antiwar, anti-poverty, OEO, drug-abuse clinics, prepaid-medical-group practice. All agree with the positions on health-care issues taken by Dr. Sidney Wolfe, head of Nader's public-health group, and with Dr. Peter Bourne, Mary King's psychiatrist husband, who is the quintessential new-breed Naderite medical activist. Bourne, a British-born psychiatrist whom Carter regards as one of his best friends, did a tour in Vietnam and returned to the U.S. disillusioned. He became active in the antiwar movement in San Francisco, where he served as an organizer for the Medical Committee on Human Rights and

worked with drug addicts in a Haight-Ashbury free clinic. Bourne and his colleagues will be in large part responsible for structuring Carter's national health-insurance program and will oversee the staffing of HEW and FDA.

The prospect of a Naderite FDA commissioner, seriously discussed here in Washington, is giving the drug industry the jitters, for obvious reasons. The industry, already under steady and intense fire from congressional reformers and would-be trust-busters such as Senator Gaylord Nelson, fears that with a consumerist at the FDA helm its access to government would be totally cut off, making it impossible for industry representatives to present their case, already a difficult task. With an activist as commissioner, the FDA would be staffed with anti-business types eager to break up all large industries. Dismemberment of anything large—with the exception of the government—is very much in the air here these days. The drug industry fears it could be next.

■ The broadcasting industry is expressing similar fears, its biggest immediate worry being that Carter may tap Benjamin J. Hooks for chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Hooks, who is slated to become director of the NAACP, is perhaps best known for transforming Newton Minow's vast wasteland into a cafeteria. TV, said Hooks recently, is "a vast,

fast-food restaurant for overfed but undernourished minds." . . . Causing corporate shakes in the energy industry are the names being pushed by environmentalists for the top jobs at Interior, at the Federal Energy Administration, and at the Energy and Research Development Administration. Among them: Representative Morris Udall and Senator Gary Hart, both enthusiastic advocates of oil company dismemberment, and Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club.

■ COMEBACK OF THE WEEK: The State Department has responded to the "doublespeak award" conferred on it by the Committee on Public Doublespeak of the National Council of Teachers of English for an announcement concerning a "consumer-affairs coordinator" and "consumer input, thruput, and output." Says Lawrence Eagleburger, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Management, who admits to having helped construct the announcement: "I think it's an enormous compliment, since it demonstrates remarkable recognition of my ability since I was largely responsible for the original document in recognizing the ability of my office to handle input, output, and thruput with remarkable facility recognizing the normal inability of the bureaucracy to do anything in a manner which would merit an award for anything." —CATO

to the UN, and rightly so. The Soviets, Janus-like, have paid lip service to the 1975 Helsinki agreement while they continued blatantly suppressing individual freedoms. Concurrently, the United Nations, by refusing to deal directly with these gross violations of human rights, once again demonstrated its impotence. Scranton called the UN to task for its "dismal record of non-performance," which in effect condoned Soviet totalitarianism. With this tough approach, Scranton accomplished two things. He indicated to Moscow that we may have been bamboozled at Helsinki but at least we know it, and he dramatized the fact that, morally speaking, the UN is one of those black holes in space. Next thing you know, Bill Scranton will be running for senator from New York.

■ The total debt of the Warsaw Pact nations to the Western nations rose to at least \$32 billion by the end of 1975, with the Soviet debt amounting to about one-third of this sum. In 1975 alone the Soviet trade deficit to the West was \$3.6 billion. It rose to \$2.9 billion in the first half of this year. There is no evidence that Mos-

cow has been selling gold in any large quantities to help liquidate its debt; in fact, there is no indication in the comparative trade figures how it can ever be liquidated. In return for their IOUs, the Communist nations have been getting increasingly sophisticated technology: dozens of entire chemical and machinery plants; aircraft avionics equipment; a variety of computerized machine tools; advanced computers; etc. And the Russians know a bargain when they see one: last year they picked up for \$180,000 an astronaut's space suit on the research for which the U.S. had spent \$20 million.

■ The spirit of Helsinki has had a profound effect on the people of East Germany. Soon after the accord was signed last year, East Germans began contacting the West German embassy in East Berlin about emigration possibilities. Currently, about seventy East Germans a day inquire about getting out. If the Berlin Wall were suddenly taken down, an official of the most prosperous country in the Soviet orbit told the *Wall Street Journal*, there would be such a massive outflow it would cause



"Any rope, please?"

a "political hemorrhage," which is why the East Germans are cracking down on East to West immigration.

■ Have we been duped all these years by Russian literary malcontents stabbing their mother country in the back with blasphemous lies? Aleksei Morozov, a reporter for Tass, says so. He claims he has "never encountered a true complaint against" his government and, furthermore, that freedom of the press means stories that "reflect the opinions of the vast majority of the Soviet people." But when we discovered that he was working out of quarters recently established in San Francisco, with Tass paying him \$600 a month plus car expenses and rent, we figured Aleksei isn't as dumb as he sounds.

■ We must get used to the idea of other countries objecting to on-site inspection of their nuclear plants. Twelve U.S. senators flew to Israel to discover how great is that country's need for two American reactors, but they were denied access to a reactor plant that is said to have built some twenty bombs. The 12 senators said they understood perfectly and went away in a gentlemanly manner. The delegation was headed by Senators Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) and Howard Baker (R., Tenn.).

■ Idi Amin, universal uncle and counselor to the world, has offered Scotland some advice: Don't let the British stall around with this devolution talk, he said; make them give you independence *now*. And once Scotland has got independence, wouldn't it be a swell idea for her to get back the monarchy she lost in 1603? And there is obviously one person who is better qualified to be King of the Scots than anyone else. Now how did that song go again—*For Idi is my darling, my darling, my darling, / For Idi is my darling, the young chevalier*.

■ Over 600 registered participants attended the fourth

annual conference of the Gay Academic Union at Columbia's Ferris Booth Hall last week and heard discussions of "The Gay Male Novel between the Wars," "Sado-Masochism as Radical Politics," "Inside the Closet with Pansies, Butterflies, Twilighters, Strange Brothers, and Others," in addition to some eccentric topics. The keynote address was delivered by the co-founder and first president of the Gay Activist Alliance, Jim Owles. Evelyn Waugh, where are you now that we need you?

■ Fair Harvard has decreed that its women students can be subsidized for nontherapeutic abortions up to \$150, to be paid from the compulsory student health insurance fees. Any Harvard man so ungentlemanly as to object to having his money used that way can, upon demand, get a dollar's rebate.

■ QUICK HENRY, THE FLIT! The U.S. Bureau of Customs Agents has discovered that the importation of tarantulas is unregulated by federal law.

Carter: Ominous Signals on Foreign Policy

Since November 2, Jimmy Carter has been taking conspicuously moderate positions on a number of domestic issues, to the muffled discomfiture of some of his liberal supporters. Tactically, this makes a good deal of political sense. The liberals, for the time being at least, have nowhere else to go—a circumstance that permits Carter to reach out toward other constituencies. His transition team in matters of defense and foreign policy, however, sends out entirely different signals. It is so loaded with soft-liners and cold-war revisionists that even the *New York Times* felt constrained to issue an editorial protest:

"Unless the new Cabinet members are exceptionally vigilant and tough in-fighters, they may find themselves prisoners of personal and ideological cliques before they ever settle into the routines of power. This risk exists potentially in every department. It is a special danger in the State Department. Many of the younger foreign-policy experts who have made their reputations in the last ten to fifteen years had their political outlook and even their personal identities shaped by a single trauma—Vietnam. It is all the more important that the rage, guilt, frustration, and confusion engendered by that event not distort American foreign policy in the next Administration. . . . To avoid that danger, the new Administration needs to draw upon men and women of varying ages and from a wide spectrum of experience."

Translated out of *Timesese*, this says: Carter's transition team of Vietnam doves, neo-isolationists, unilateral-disarmers, and ideologues who think the U.S. started the cold war might, if they had their way, put at risk vital Western interests in Western Europe, Israel, Japan, and elsewhere. The *Times'* alarm seems thoroughly justified when one considers the individuals now reported to be selecting personnel and preparing position papers for Carter in the area of defense and foreign policy:

Anthony Lake, 37, is said to be the leading figure; he quit Kissinger's National Security Council staff in protest over the invasion of Cambodia. Regarded as an extreme dove, he is, incidentally, suing Kissinger over a wiretap. David Aaron, another former NSC staffer, quit to become principal defense policy advisor to Carter's left hand, then-Senator Walter Mondale. Richard Morse was a top aide to Senator J. William Fulbright, Robert Hunter comes from the staff of Senator Edward Kennedy, and Paula Stern from that of Senator Gaylord Nelson. William Maynes is secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for Peace. Daniel Spiegel comes to the Carter team from the Humphrey staff, Richard Inderfurth from Senator Philip Hart. So it goes. All are considered to be left-leaning and dovish.

Against this background, it is only minimally reassuring that Carter since his election has held serious discussions with both James Schlesinger and Dean Rusk.

Patty, Wealth, and Justice

With her release from prison on \$1.5-million bail bond, the Patricia Hearst saga returns once more, further installments guaranteed. People are saying, as people will say, that her release is proof that the rich have a different system of justice, one in which money always wins. But in a recent column, William Raspberry suggests that it is money's fault that Patty was even tried. "Change her name and her wealth . . . and what you have is an ordinary girl, kidnapped and brutalized, a victim of both physical and mental rape, who finally threw in with her thuggish captors."

The ambivalent role of her family's wealth represents just one of the many aspects of the complex Hearst story, many of them largely ignored. Steven Weed, in his book,

My Search for Patty Hearst, argues convincingly for another. He shows how the SLA brutally manipulated Patty's will. They actually destroyed, then totally rebuilt, her personality. Weed cites, among other things, the zombie-like tones of her SLA tapes and her weird statements after arrest to illustrate the extent of the psychological coercion she suffered.

Obviously Weed's argument presents great dilemmas under our law. Where does "free will and personal responsibility" begin and end? Because of the tactics employed by both defense and prosecution, the actuality of Patty's SLA experience never found its way into the courtroom. The defense argued "coercion," only to be embarrassed by her long and apparently voluntary life underground. The prosecution argued simple "change of allegiance," ignoring manifest evidence of personality breakdown. Ironically, had Patty *not* been wealthy, she would not have been kidnapped in the first place; would not have been tried or convicted; and would not now be out on \$1.5-million bail.

Deregulation: Clouds Behind the Sunset Laws

It sounds easy. Just pass a law requiring that regulatory agencies be eliminated after five or six years unless they effectively justify their existence. This is called a sunset law, and it is the biggest fad since sunshine laws (which eliminate secrecy). Colorado and Florida already have sunset laws, and the Senate Government Operations Committee intends to come up with one soon. Yet there is little reason to suppose that the arguments for deregulation will prevail in the future if they do not prevail now, and there is some reason to expect that sunset laws may even make it more difficult to eliminate unnecessary and uneconomic regulations.

The interests of the consuming public are widely dispersed, while the interests of those who benefit from some regulation can be concentrated and mobilized in support of that regulation. There is nothing inherent in a periodic review of regulatory activities that changes this balance of political pressures in favor of deregulation. Professor David Henderson of the University of Rochester points out that a regulatory agency facing review "would have to make sure it had a constituency supporting it. Therefore, it would probably be more activist than otherwise." If the regulations helped special interests before there was a sunset law—by enforcing high cartel prices for example—that effect might be amplified by an agency attempting to generate support for its own survival.

What happens to regulations each time an agency is up for renewal would also depend to some extent on the way consumers and legislators are thinking at the time. "For sunset laws to improve things," says Henderson, "people must be thinking better or more clearly five years from now than they are now." While there is some interest in reducing regulations right now, that interest

It's Never Too Late...

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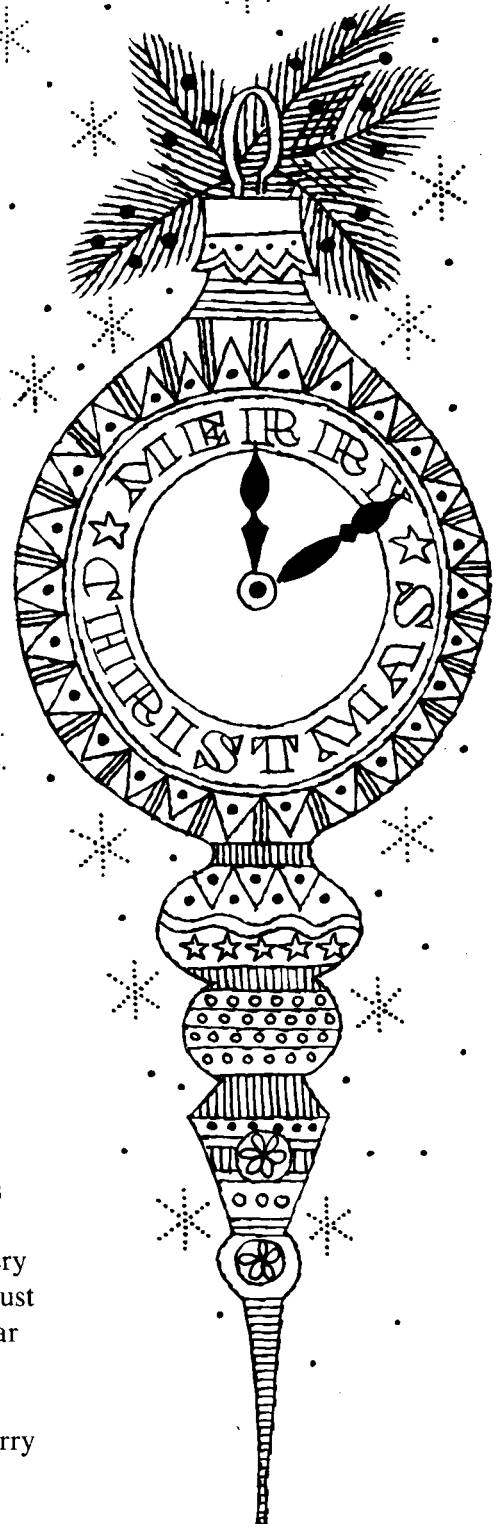
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has been weaker in the past and may be weaker in the future. One regulatory agency that recently came up for renewal—the Federal Energy Administration—actually had its regulatory powers strengthened in the process. There is no assurance that this might not be the typical outcome of a sunset law. The failure of regulation is often used as an argument for still more regulation.

There have been hundreds of private studies and governmental commissions that have investigated government regulation in such industries as transportation, communication, finance, and energy. The evidence is overwhelming that the heavy hand of regulation is imposing tremendous costs on the economy with few offsetting benefits. Congress could act on this evidence now if it really wanted to: the sunset law fad is simply one more device to facilitate procrastination.

Cemetery City

The State Court of Appeals, in handing down a decision that the moratorium on \$1 billion in New York City notes is invalid, provided still more Wagnerian clouds as a background for the City's drama.

A mere decade or so ago, urbanologists in Cambridge, Mass., Madison, Wisc., and Monterey, Calif. churned out a vast literature on urban revitalization. Ah, what a glittering vision they held out to us. The city of the near future would consist of glass towers, tramways, mono-rails, Shakespeare in the park and Vivaldi on the sidewalk, with happy minorities fitting serenely into it all. City planners, architects, and social scientists would usher in this latest utopia. The vision possessed not only its philosopher-king in John Lindsay but its theologian in Harvey Cox. If all of this required many federal billions, why, so be it—and of course the urbanologists took their fair share of the grants and appropriations.

At the same time, back in the urban reality, tens of thousands of ordinary citizens—sensing decay all around them—were pulling out of the cities and moving elsewhere.

A new theoretical literature now begins to catch up with these gross realities.

In the Fall 1976 issue of *The Public Interest*, a California professor, William C. Baer, writes about "The Death of Cities," and concludes that "henceforth, death may increasingly take its fair share of parts of our older cities." In a similarly funereal vein, Roger Starr, Professor of Urban Values at NYU and former administrator of the NYC Housing and Development Administration, argues in the *New York Times Magazine* that NYC has grown a lot smaller and will shrink still further. "Better a thriving city of five million," he says, "than a Calcutta of seven."

For all the familiar reasons, Starr points out, New York's income from taxes falls far short of its expenditures for public services. Nevertheless, though large parts of the South Bronx and Brooklyn are already dead, with

ravaged buildings open to wind and sky, and other neighborhoods are approaching that terminal condition, the city must continue providing them with police, fire, sanitation, subway, and other services. Recommends Starr: Pull the plug, turn off the life-support apparatus. "Whole tax districts can be cleared by taking properties for tax delinquencies. . . . The stretches of empty blocks can then be knocked down, services can be stopped." Better a rationally planned shrinkage than haphazard decay.

Now, about all this, a couple of observations. Starr, Baer, and the other graveyard urbanologists write perceptively and make a good deal of sense; but it is fair to remind them that we have now come a rather long way from the academic urbanology of the day before yesterday. Perhaps only theology exhibits such spectacular shifts in fashion. Furthermore, though the mortuary school of urbanology may have a firmer grasp of reality than did the technocratic utopians, the two academic fashions nevertheless possess certain stylistic features in common. Today we are being told that populations are to be "encouraged" to "relocate," federal billions (naturally) are to be mobilized for the purpose, vast funeral blueprints are to be drawn up by the thinkers in Cambridge, Madison, and Monterey.

When the theoretical afflatus descends upon academia, a sound reaction is to pause, say "Wait a minute," and check the locks on the public treasury.

Ivan the Beautiful

Although the next Summer Olympics won't take place until 1980, the winner of the competition for the American broadcasting rights is expected to be decided this month. The contestants are the three major networks, CBS, NBC, and ABC; the judges are, since the Games will take place in Moscow, Soviet officials. What the judges are looking for, they have made known, is the network that best combines a high bid—\$100 million is considered a minimum estimate—and friendly cameras.

For many Americans, the Moscow Olympics will be the first look at life in the USSR, and the Soviets intend to take maximum advantage of their chance to enlighten a prime captive audience. The competition for the lucrative TV rights has been long, fierce, and highly revealing. For over a year, CBS and ABC have been taking their viewers on an updated version of the Potemkin tour.

Last June, for example, Mary Tyler Moore did a special with the Bolshoi Ballet that some CBS executives, in the words of the *New York Times*, admitted was a "friendly gesture to the Soviets." Later this year CBS will televise scenes from, not the Gulag, but the Moscow Circus. ABC, for its part, did ten hours from Moscow last year that a *New Yorker* writer called "ten hours of Intourist boilerplate." And although its Moscow stint coincided with a KGB campaign against Andrei Sakharov that made frontpage news in the Western press,

the ABC newsmen in Moscow were so busy showing Red Square, Lenin Stadium, and the All-Union Exhibition of Economic Achievement Park that they didn't get a chance to mention what was happening to Sakharov. As for ABC's coverage of the Montreal Olympics (for which preliminary they paid a paltry \$25 million)—it won't go down in the annals of independent journalism. When there was a controversy involving the Soviets, whether it was over cheating or a defecting Soviet athlete, ABC's commentators put on their kid gloves and began humming *The Volga Boatman*.

What's intriguing about the networks' Russian performance is that these same networks, when broadcasting from practically anywhere this side of the Iron Curtain, are paragons of journalistic independence, fearlessly taking on all comers. One day their commentators are casting a cold eye on oil company profits; the next, they're exposing Pentagon ratholes; the next, they're telling which foreign politicians Lockheed was able to suborn with the help of federal dollars. Unfortunately, there are never any television specials about twentieth century bribery's more sophisticated forms.

The God That Failed II

"[Mao] built heavy industries, and his agricultural development programs ended the cruel famines that had cost millions of lives in the past"—Stanley Karnow, September 12, 1976. "In assessing Mao one must say first of all that his regime produced great gains for the masses of Chinese, ranging from the end of perennial famine and flood to the end of foreign domination, national humiliation, and the submergence of personal self-respect"—Chalmers Roberts, September 21, 1976. "I have immense admiration for the accomplishments of the Maoist revolution in Mainland China, which for the first time in recorded history can feed and clothe its vast population adequately and by its own efforts"—C. L. Sulzberger, November 27, 1976. "In the final reckoning Mao must be accepted as one of history's great achievers: . . . for directing the transformation of China from a feudal society, wracked by war and bled by corruption, into a unified, egalitarian state where nobody starves . . ."—*The Economist*, September 11, 1976.

Skeptical souls like Karl Wittfogel have said for years how improbable this is. Come now Miriam and Ivan London with a major article in *Worldview* magazine, that puts flesh on the skeleton of this argument.

Since the People's Republic of China keeps visitors out of all but a few selected areas (even to the extent of refusing international assistance during the earthquake last summer) and releases no hard statistics, it is impossible to prove the case as thoroughly as against a freer country. Nonetheless, the Londons have put together an impressively credible picture of China today based on dozens of interviews with refugees, gleanings from the official Communist press, and smuggled-out official or-

Our GOP Moderates

I'll count them on my fingers
If you will hold my nose;
Despite their tiny numbers,
They really do impose.
Once more, this goofy gaggle
Is trying to prevail.
They want to wag the doggie,
Although they're just the tail.

W. H. VON DREELE

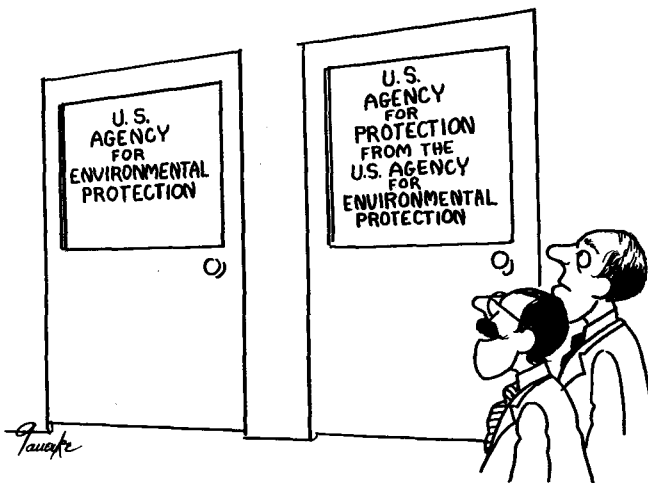
ders. The Londons have concluded that the famine during the Great Leap Forward—described at the time by Edgar Snow as a sort of "food shortage"—was one of the worst famines in China's history. There has not been a famine on that scale since, but the damage done during the collectivization in the Fifties—when much of north China's wheat-producing plain was ruined by a bungled irrigation project, and methods of farming were changed in accordance with Maoist ideology—has not been repaired. By 1968, China seemed to have just got back to the level of per-capita production it had in 1955, before the collectivization and the Great Leap Forward. Chinese peasants—who must work in the fields from sunrise to sundown seven days a week—get about the same calorie allowance as Soviet prison-camp inmates. The official "Exhorting and Impeding Stations" that were set up to turn back peasants fleeing from the villages are gone, but there are now constant references to "class enemies" inciting peasants to flee areas hit by drought or flood. Beggars no longer invade the restaurants in Canton; but that is because they are in the Sand River Detention House.

And on and on. The apologists' defense systems are strong, but if this incarnation of the god fails as the Soviet incarnation failed, the resurrection may never come.

T. D. Lysenko, RIP

The career of Trofim Denisovich Lysenko may have been "the most bizarre chapter in the history of modern science," as American geneticist I. Michael Lerner calls it, but to leave the matter there is to miss the significance. The controversies surrounding Lysenko are far from irrelevant to American culture at the present time.

As a "scientist," Lysenko was in the *environment* business. Rejecting the genetic theories of Gregor Mendel and most twentieth century scientists, Lysenko returned in essence to the earlier Lamarckian notion that acquired characteristics can be passed on to succeeding generations. A rat that has its tail cut off will produce offspring with shorter tails. If you want to turn summer wheat into winter wheat, freeze the seeds before planting and in a few generations you will have winter wheat.



"We've taken care of the checks and balances."

The appeal of this had a practical aspect, obviously, but the real point of Lysenko was ideological. Marxist theory, also environmental, holds that man can be transformed into a peaceful, brotherly creature and can be developed to the fullest through the application of a Marxist environment. Change the mode of ownership and you will change human nature. From that perspective, Mendel's genetics were reactionary. In returning to Lamarck, Lysenko returned to the "progressive" biological analogue of Marxist economics.

It will not have escaped the reader's attention that the heredity-environment/reactionary-progressive argument rages in our own culture and politics. Powerful interests here are, of course, in the *environment* business: educators, social engineers, rehabilitation experts, planners, bureaucrats, yes, even federal judges. Those who assert against our multiple manufacturers of environment the counter-claims of heredity are "reactionary." Figures like Jensen, Herrnstein, and others are not correct or incorrect on the facts, but "racist." That is, they have threatened in a fundamental way the ideology and the material interests of the environment people.

In 1934, the Medico-genetical Institute in Moscow carried out extensive studies of identical twins under controlled conditions and concluded that about 80 per cent of testable ability is inherited. The Institute was shut down, the chairman—after confessing his ideological sins—was shot. Lysenko took over Soviet genetics.

André Malraux, RIP

André Malraux was born in 1901. His life thus covered the greater part of the twentieth century from its beginning, and Malraux has usually been seen as an archetypal twentieth century man—the exemplar of the century's storms and stresses, its wars and revolutions in art and idea as well as armed combat, its extremes. This perception is surely justified in externals. In his early manhood, Malraux was writing like a surrealist and getting entangled in Asia's embryonic anti-colonial revolu-

tions. By the Thirties, he had swung toward Communism, plunged into the Chinese revolution, and written, out of his China experiences, what is probably his best and certainly his best-known book, *La Condition Humaine* (translated as *Man's Fate* in the American edition). Allied with the Communists, he joined passionately in "the struggle against war and fascism"; in the Spanish Civil War he helped organize, and flew in, the Republicans' primitive air squadron. In 1939 he joined the French army (as a private in the tank corps), was captured as France was overrun, escaped, joined the Resistance in 1944 (using as *nom de guerre* the name—Colonel Berger—of the hero of his book *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*), was captured by the Gestapo, was freed by Resistance forces as the Germans collapsed, and finished in command of the Alsace-Lorraine Brigade that liberated Strasbourg.

In the course of the war he had swung from the Communists to de Gaulle, and from then on his political activities were linked with the fate of de Gaulle. While Gaullism was in recess, Malraux gathered all art together, in the twentieth century mode, into his *Imaginary Museum* and *Psychology of Art*. When de Gaulle returned to power, Malraux joined him as his sole personal confidant as well as his Minister of Culture, in which latter capacity he washed the face of Paris, to the astonishment of all Parisians and all visitors to that soot-covered queen of cities. As Minister and after, he visited China and conversed for unprecedented hours with Mao, whom, alone, he ranked with de Gaulle in our time. In his last years, following de Gaulle's retirement and death, he continued writing—personal reminiscences of de Gaulle and semi-autobiographical "*antimémoires*"—and tried to join the fight of the people of Bangladesh against Pakistan.

The history of these 75 years could be embroidered around Malraux' life, deeds, and writings. But, though his scene was the twentieth century, his essence sprung out of the nineteenth. Like D'Annunzio, T. E. Lawrence, or Antoine de St.-Exupéry, with all of whom he recognized his kinship, Malraux' person—or, more accurately perhaps, persona—was nineteenth century: of the nineteenth century's Romantic genius-type defined by Otto Rank, out of Fichte, Schiller, and the other German Romantic philosophers, Byron and the poet-liberators, Kierkegaard, Dostoyevsky, and very clearly out of Nietzsche.

A day or two after the report of his death, I leafed through the pages of the little dialogue he and I wrote in 1948, and I had forgotten how often a sentence of his therein would incorporate the irrationalism and dynamic voluntarism belonging to the Romantic genius-type and the Nietzschean transvaluator of values. "My own opinion is that the *existence* of Europe is *inseparable from an act of will*." "I do not need to persuade you that *energy is more important than the form which it takes*." "What Russia has become is due less to its Marxism than to the fact that *Marxism was made use of*

by Lenin." "You know as well as I that there can be neither political nor national defense by a country whose government is incapable of *choosing its enemy*." "It is my conviction that any real French government (I mean by that a government which *wills . . .*)" "True liberalism in the spiritual order not only *does not exclude strength of will, but is founded on it*." "There is developing in the world a new human type: the liberal hero. *Like all these prototypes, he is a myth*." (I have added the italics.)

A recent mean-spirited biography of Malraux makes a great to-do about the switches in his politics from Left to Right, the errors in his historical accounts, the inaccuracies, contradictions, and fantasies in his autobiographical references. Granted his spiritual perspective, a critique of this sort seems to me irrelevant (and in any case there is always something of both the con man and the magician in a genius). The ego of the Romantic genius-type is continuously making and remaking itself out of the maelstrom of successive challenges met and mastered, not constructing a logically consistent model of disciplined bourgeois conduct. Nietzsche's superman is he who makes his own values—and thus, if he chooses, remakes them. The challenges are *chosen*, self-imposed, and for the actor who is also artist, the resolution of the challenge is not the battle won or the nation saved but the work of art into which the action is ultimately dissolved. Malraux' adventures always became the raw substance of his books.

"I don't doubt that it is hard to be at the same time both artist and man of action, because art, in any field, involves a kind of obsession, in order to distill the whole world into the work of art, while action implies the distillation of the world into the action itself. The two forms of distillation are different, but they can be successive. One of my characters remarks that he wants above all else: 'to translate the widest possible experience into consciousness.' This formula remains valid—at least for me."

Whatever outward form the action took, the essence of the challenge, for Malraux, was always death. Death was always near him in his personal as in his public life ("I have been much shot at," he once remarked). His

School for Amy

Now let us pause to shed a tear
For liberals who love to sneer;
Who come to Washington—but sign
A lease across the District line;
Who send their kids to private schools
With private courts and private pools;
Who, at their supper clubs, insist
That none of them is prejudiced.
Poor darlings! With their cover blown,
They must be feeling so alone.

W. H. VON DREELE

father committed suicide. His mistress and both his half-brothers were killed. His two young sons were killed in an auto accident in 1961 (they were the same age as my own two, and as I read the cold dispatch I automatically remembered the evening a decade before when we had talked enthusiastically about exchanging our pairs for a year or two as part of their twentieth century schooling). "Man," he wrote in *Antimémoires*, is the only animal that knows he is going to die." He kept death's blackness close: his hair was black; he wore black clothes, and drove in a black Citroën with a driver in a black uniform. His eyes, too, seemed so dark as to be black—though deep in their blackness you could see mesmerizing fire that held you immobile as he talked—his eternal cigarette drooping, his dark face twisting in its strange nervous tics.

—JB

Notes



Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One must be foolhardy to speak of your "ignorance" on any subject, but on the other hand, how can one not feel a touch ignorant in the face of so colossal a tower of Babel as constitutes the corpus of economic thought presented to the public?

You see, there are two currents running through economic thought. On one hand, the science of economics grows more complex and even more esoteric every day. Economists who got their doctorates before the 1960s have to go back to school and learn such subjects as vector analysis, matrix algebra, differential equations, and a list of mathematical topics so long as to give pause even to an engineer. But on the other hand, economic policy is too important to the common weal to be left to scientists, and hence politicians pick their favorite theories not on scientific grounds, but on the basis of ideology, and this is what the public gets fed.

For example, our Western value judgments presume the free market to be most consonant with individual freedom, and this argument can be presented technically. Under conditions of Paretian optimality, a simplistic, two-consumer, two-good world is in a state of bliss when

$$\frac{P_x}{P_y} = \frac{U_x}{U_y} = \frac{Q_x}{Q_y} = \frac{TR_x}{TR_y} = \frac{MC_x}{MC_y}$$

That is, where the price ratio = the ratio of individuals' marginal utilities = the ratio of factor use in production = the ratio of production substitution of good x for good y = the ratio of marginal costs.

Now, it happens that these optimal conditions are met in the equilibrium state of perfect competition. Ergo, the free market is optimal. However, there are

slight flaws. First, perfect competition, constructed upon a long list of unrealistic assumptions, never has existed. But suppose the economy approaches perfect competition in some sense. Then consider the presence of just one monopoly. By the lights of the theory of pure monopoly, monopoly price exceeds marginal cost. Thus the ratios are violated. Now the question becomes whether an optimum condition still obtains. According to the theory of the Second Best, developed by Lancaster and Lipsey in the 1960s, it does not. If one ratio is violated, then all of them are voided, and setting any of them equal in the face of one or more inequalities may be positively harmful. In other words, for instance, marginal-cost pricing by government force (Lange's idea) in the face of large monopoly elements may simply exacerbate the bias of the economic structure. And of course, monopoly elements exist for some good reasons. Principally, there are economies of large scale reaped only by firms with market power—or firms large enough to have market power. More than that, monopolistic firms are necessary if we are to have a variety of differentiated products. Hence the enforcement of something close to perfect competition may not only be suboptimal in the presence of technical efficiencies of large-scale operations, but it may also fail to provide the sorts of goods the consumer wants.

Well, you can see how even scientific economics become less than conclusive. And mind you, I could present the above discussion entirely in terms of the calculus.

Finally, a tidbit from a Brookings scholar with whom I'm associated: Note that the unemployment rates for subcategories such as black females etc. are extraordinarily high. But Herr Doktor notes also that these rates represent only a minute proportion of the populace—no more than a hundred thousand or so people in each category. Thus it would be very cheap for American business to wipe out these embarrassing rates.

Sincerely,
Edward Meadows
Columbia, S.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I must comment on Mr. Koch's letter concerning jogging and exercise. I do not, for a moment, intend to deny Mr. Koch the pleasure of taking exercise if this, indeed, gives him any pleasure at all. I object only to his thesis that what he likes is, perforce, good for the rest of us.

I know of no evidence that exercise lengthens life. My limited acquaintance indicates otherwise—I find that college professors and organists seem to outlive athletes, by and large.

But my real argument is with his choice of exercise forms. "Jogging" is a euphemism—it is nothing but a name for what, in the Army, was known as "double marching," and this, along with push-ups, was probably the most hated of all Army disciplines. Anybody who

will, voluntarily, subject himself to this kind of punishment has to be some kind of masochist.

As for his statement that one must huff and puff to get himself "in shape" I can only ask—shape for what? To run a mile or play four quarters of football? Who needs it?

My cat has more sense—when she has nothing better to do, does she take exercise? She does not. She takes a nap. This, I recommend to Mr. Koch, too.

Sincerely,
John S. Carroll
Emlenton, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: J. Viator's remarks in August 6 issue *NR*: I'm with Thomas Jefferson on "inalienable." In fact, I always used this term when reciting the revered Declaration of Independence. I think I learned it this way back in the Limbo of my school years. I am very convinced it must originally have been this word when I read Mr. Viator's explanation that "'inalienable' had a stronger, more juridical import, relating to undivestable Lockean natural rights."

How, in the face of all this, can you dismiss the matter with a "Posh and pish"?

Mr. B., your ancestry should be investigated.

Convinced,
M. P. Erhardt
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Joe Kraft and Richard Reeves were wrong on *Firing Line* when they blamed the Ford victory among 18- to 24-year-olds on "discipline." As a matter of fact, we are probably the most selfish, undisciplined bunch of young people that ever grew up in America. What Joe and Richard need to realize is that it is precisely this fact that makes us more conservative than our older brothers and sisters.

Our parents have never inflicted much discipline upon us, so why should we stand for it from the sort of paternalistic state that old Joe has been advocating since before I was born? (As the vote would indicate, we are doing more about it than throwing our usual temper tantrums.)

I did take offense at Mr. Reeves's (joking?) suggestion that we voted Republican because we are "immature"—but if growing up means that we should vote Democrat and support the Welfare State, I would prefer to remain an adolescent. One thing puzzles me, though, about Richard's analysis: If the 18- to 24-year-olds voted Republican because they are immature, then why did the above-forty groups vote for Ford? (Senile, perhaps?)

Yours truly,
Tom Tyler III
Dickinson, Texas
—WFB

The International Party

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

Leonid Brezhnev will soon be seventy. For some while his health has been poor; he is believed to have a form of bone cancer, held somewhat in check by chemotherapy, in which Soviet medicine has made considerable progress. Looking back on Brezhnev's public activities during these concluding years, it can be seen that a large and increasing portion of his effort has been directed toward one persisting goal: to restore Communist solidarity.

It is not surprising that this should become, right now, the final goal of a Russian Communist leader. The divisions in world Communism arise out of nationalism and ideology. Brezhnev knows, from experience as well as theory, that these divisions are a danger, quite possibly the primary danger, to the global Communist enterprise and, specifically, to the Soviet Union as the first and foremost Communist power. As a Russian, Brezhnev must wish for the strategic protection that a revived and general Communist solidarity would bring to his country. As a convinced Communist, he must believe that the solidarity of all Communists—comrades all—is of the essence of Communism, of “the international Party [that] shall be the human race.”

Brezhnev is no charismatic crusader. He is not even much of a demagogue. The masses will not rise because he lifts the red banner and proclaims the message. He is an experienced, careful, skilled, plodding bureaucratic type, and it is in that mode that he has been inching toward his goal. He does not expect to jump toward it by dazzling leaps, and he is not dismayed by rebuffs. He just keeps plodding along.

For years Brezhnev has wished for a summit meeting of all European Communist parties, East and West. It finally took place in East Berlin last spring. It was dismissed by Western commentators as a “setback” and “failure” for Brezhnev, because it did not explicitly declare for the unity of the Communist movement under Soviet hegemony.

This estimate was based on the assumption that Brezhnev not only would have liked but had expected such a declaration. (Cf. the media's finding

that Jimmy Carter suffered a setback November 2.) The Brezhnevs of this world are not subject to the illusions that bemuse our commentators. If the East Berlin meeting was less than a triumph for Brezhnev, it gave him no reason to be discouraged. It was the first time since Comintern days that the Communist leaders of all Europe had met publicly as well as privately. They came together at Brezhnev's summons, and they met in the capital of the Communist state most closely tied to Moscow.

From Berlin to Bucharest

The Helsinki conference can also be seen as an episode in Brezhnev's solidarity quest. At Helsinki, for the first time ever, the representatives of all the European Communist governments—including Rumania and Yugoslavia—sat down en bloc with Europe's non-Communist governments. The Accord that issued from Helsinki was a joint victory for all the Communist governments: it legitimized and guaranteed their boundaries.

Since Helsinki, Brezhnev has been patiently continuing toward his goal. One after another head of Communist governments and parties has been welcomed in Moscow. Boris Ponomarev, in charge of relations with Communist parties in non-Communist countries, showed up in Lisbon to take part in the convention of the Portuguese Communist Party. Brezhnev has been on the road in the past month for visits to two of the wayward sheep: Yugoslavia and Rumania. In Belgrade he greeted Tito with a great bearhug, three kisses, and a hearty laugh at the fairy story of a Soviet threat. In Bucharest he made it four kisses for Ceausescu, as “a hundred thousand people cheered, waved flags, and strewed flowers.” He declared in his toast at the state dinner that night: “Some differences of opinion should not affect the collaboration of our parties and states.”

No major breakthroughs were included in the farewell communiqués, but, also, no recriminations. A Belgrade dispatch mentioned that in the past two years East Europe had re-

gained its predominance over the West in Yugoslav foreign trade. In the week after Brezhnev's visit, the annual summit sessions of the Warsaw Pact's high command met in Bucharest. (And how independent is the “independent foreign policy” of a government whose generals are members of a high command subject to another government's high commander?)

Perhaps the plainest sign that Brezhnev's solidarity march is more than routine is the Soviet tone toward the arch-heretic, China. On the news of Mao's death, Moscow sent an official message of condolence to Peking, and forbore any show of resentment when this was rejected. In the months since then there has been no attack on China from the Soviet media or Soviet spokesmen; none, even, in the UN, where harsh Soviet-Chinese exchanges have for years been a standard feature. In the Moscow celebration of the 59th anniversary of the Russian Revolution, the principal oration—delivered by Fyodor Kulakov, in charge of relations with ruling Communist parties and a leading candidate to succeed Brezhnev—included no criticism of China and called the lack of friendly Sino-Soviet relations “unjustifiable and unnatural.”

We and They

Possibly Leonid Brezhnev is only an old man whistling nostalgically in the dark. Still, history has many winding corridors. Brezhnev and the other Soviet leaders know there can't be a return to the old days of a centralized, monolithic Communist International. They also know that a monolithic Comintern is not necessary. Each Communist party and nation is inevitably modified by the local circumstances within which it functions. All that is required is an underlying solidarity—however engendered—that Communists (and all true believers in socialism, perhaps) can feel marks them off from the barbarians, and that can become the decisive impulse in a showdown. We Communists squabble among ourselves meanwhile? How could it be otherwise? But in the crunches, it's We or They. □

WHY?

Those who doubted the GOP could surpass the catastrophes of 1958, 1964, and 1974 were proved wrong November 2.

Mr. Ford's losing strategy was no bolt from the blue. He started building toward defeat a year before the election

Fiasco '76

ROBERT D. NOVAK

DEPRESSING THOUGH the November elections are for Republicans at first glance, they become still more noxious upon closer examination. The loss of the Presidency was accompanied by continued Republican atrophy at all levels. The party is dying throughout the South, the region of its most promising potential growth. The lightly populated states of the West produced some statewide Republican victories, but local results were disappointing even there. The immense Democratic edge in state legislators is now expanded, 5,116 Democrats to 2,368 Republicans. The most stunning result was the survival of all but two of the 78 freshman Democratic House members elected in the Watergate election of 1974 (and one of the two losers failed only because he was entrapped by police decoys playing the role of prostitutes in his home town).

Qualitatively the results are even more troublesome. The three Bs of the Republican Senate class of 1970—James L. Buckley of New York, J. Glenn Beall of Maryland, William Brock of Tennessee—differed widely in style and ability but could clearly all be classed as orthodox Republicans; all lost, while their classmate, Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, whose Republicanism does not extend beyond his label and who last year even considered changing that label, won easily. The formula for survival in the big industrial states was written by Weicker, not Buckley.

On a more subdued scale, Weicker rather than Buckley was the model for the bright young Republicans who transcended their party's ruin on November 2: John Heinz (Pennsylvania), Richard Lugar (Indiana), James Thompson (Illinois), Pierre du Pont (Delaware), John Danforth (Missouri). To be sure, conservative new Republican senators were elected from New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming, but the Rocky Mountain West is scarcely a sufficient base for rebuilding a national party. Dr. S. I. Hayakawa will surely be a welcome adornment to the dreary homogeneity of today's Senate, but whether he represents any coherent ideology or whether his election signifies anything more than California's dislike for John Tunney is highly doubtful.

Qualitative and quantitative Republican shortcomings at state and local levels, when combined with President Ford's defeat, make the election of 1976 a fiasco for the Grand Old Party, overshadowing even the catastrophes of 1958,

1964, and 1974. Since Jimmy Carter never truly captured the confidence of the voters, and the swing of a few votes in Ohio and Hawaii could have turned the Electoral College in Ford's favor, there have been inevitable post-election analyses to find the root cause for the presidential outcome that deepened malaise into disaster.

The scapegoats, causes, and explanations are many. Senator Robert Dole is far in front as the leading scapegoat, though he was exactly the prickly political rifleman that Ford knew he was getting at Kansas City. Pollster Burns Roper says William Ruckelshaus instead of Dole would have won the election; Ronald Reagan reveals he would have accepted the second position if asked, implying that that would have made the difference. The White House palace guard claims a little campaigning in the South by Reagan would have made the difference; the palace guard is blamed by party leaders for blundering into defeat.

Republicans without a cause to pursue or a future battle to fight know they need look no further than Gerald Rudolph Ford. Not only was the election his to win or lose, but he could by his own exertions have salvaged something out of 1976 for the Republican Party. His failure was not only the product of his own irremediable deficiencies but a reflection of what ails his party, which now views the future with so little hope, prospects, or initiative.

CHET ARTHUR, President of the United States? Good God!" That expression by his closest colleagues when President James Garfield was assassinated in 1881 could have been echoed by Jerry Ford's old friends in the House when Richard Nixon fell in 1974. Whereas Arthur's associates could not envision the archetypal spoilsman in the White House, Ford's comrades had no misgivings about their friend's character or integrity. Rather, they feared that his performance as President would duplicate his decade as House Minority Leader. Their fears were totally justified.

A generation of service in the House had made Ford peculiarly a product of that institution. One of his virtues as Minority Leader was the inordinate time he spent on the floor, available to members; anybody subjected to the nonsense heard there day after day, hour after hour, cannot help but be affected permanently. If in Ford's record as President there is a gulf between rhetoric and reality (most notably and most grievously in his Polish blunder),

Mr. Novak, with his partner Rowland Evans, is author of the popular syndicated Evans & Novak column.

it only duplicates what can be heard from the galleries of the House at any time.

The first lesson learned by a novice congressman is how to satisfy everybody by ending up on both sides of an issue. An issue comes before a congressman so many times—in committee and on the floor, on a recommittal motion and in final passage, on amendments and in the tabling of amendments—that a virtuoso can satisfy everybody without being subject to charges of inconsistency. But what is virtuosity in the House of Representatives becomes self-destructive in the White House.

Ford as President often attempted the old congressional routine, with invariably poor results—particularly on the common situs picketing bill permitting secondary boycotts in the construction industry. Although he had consistently opposed this old chestnut of organized labor during his years in the House, President Ford was talked into sponsoring it by his Secretary of Labor, John Dunlop. When Congress passed it, he was bombarded by protests from disconsolate construction executives. Faced by Reagan's challenge, the President vetoed the bill with these results: Secretary Dunlop's resignation, mobilization of building-trades unions against him, suspicion from businessmen who could not understand why they had to pressure a Republican President, outrage by Republican congressmen who had voted for the bill because they thought Ford had sanitized it.

Having failed to come to terms with the New Deal for more than forty years, the GOP now carried the burden of Watergate and Richard Nixon

Ford's flip-flop on common situs picketing was possible because he had no strong views on that or much of anything else—another characteristic of Republican congressmen who can survive for 25 years. If they go along with the general sentiments of their constituency and exhibit a Main Street business conservatism, there is no need to adopt an ideological consistency on broader questions.

Like Chet Arthur nearly a century ago, Jerry Ford would never have been seriously considered for the Presidency on his own. But whereas the Stalwarts and Half-breeds of 1884 could easily pass over Arthur for the presidential nomination (the last such occasion), the Imperial Presidency had grown to such proportions by 1976 that even Reagan's challenge was considered *lèse majesté*.

Ford's nomination meant that the campaign for President so critical to the party's future was to be conducted by a quintessential contemporary Republican burdened with all of the party's shortcomings. The fiasco of 1976 is, therefore, inseparable from Gerald Ford.

Nobody, of course, could reasonably blame poor Mr. Ford for the sorry state of the Republican Party he inherited in August 1974. Having failed to come to terms with the New Deal for more than forty years, the party now carried the burden of Watergate and Nixon. Still, Carter's mistakes made it possible for Ford to retain the Presidency.

Ford's campaign, from its stumbling beginning in the

snows of New Hampshire to the near-miss in November, consisted of so many tactical changes and so many blunders that there is not space here for a chronology. However, a fair picture of the campaign, the candidate, and the condition of the Republican Party that they reflect may be derived from five incidents, large and small, that I have selected from the year.

INCIDENT NUMBER ONE: The sacking of James Schlesinger as Secretary of Defense on November 2, 1975.

The results of the "Sunday Morning Massacre," which came as a total surprise to the White House, activated the anti-Communist Right behind Reagan and validated his challenge for the nomination. But more important than these ill effects was what the sacking of Schlesinger showed about Ford.

Whether or not Donald Rumsfeld was the *éminence grise* in pushing out Schlesinger, as has been charged and denied, it is clear that Ford deeply resented his Secretary of Defense's pugnacious advocacy of Pentagon spending against Budget Director James T. Lynn. The President was entranced by Lynn's siren song of saving \$7 billion through defense cuts and gave up that notion only under pressure from Reagan. The notion of a strong push for national defense as good politics against his Democratic foe a year later never entered Ford's mind as he dispatched the annoying Mr. Schlesinger.

INCIDENT NUMBER TWO: The President's briefing of the Mississippi delegation to the Republican National Convention in Jackson, Mississippi on July 30, 1976.

With the nomination still in the balance and possibly to be determined by the conservative Mississippians, Ford had an opportunity in a closed-door session lasting two hours to separate himself, once and for all, from Henry Kissinger. Instead, he declared the U.S. had never been stronger militarily, and that there was no evidence that the Soviet Union had violated the spirit or letter of past agreements. Detente was alive and well, thanks to the Secretary of State.

This remarkable recital was an exaggeration, in the spirit of the House of Representatives, of what Kissinger and other advisors had told the President. It indicated not only a flawed view of world reality but also the absence of any perception by Ford that a warning of international danger might well be effective in contesting Carter's bread-and-butter appeal with blue-collar workers.

INCIDENT NUMBER THREE: The opening of the President's campaign at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, September 18, 1976.

Choosing for reasons that remain incomprehensible to open his campaign before a difficult student audience, Ford drained the files of the federal bureaucracy to dredge up housing and education proposals—pale imitations of what Carter was promising, or, as Barry Goldwater once said of the Eisenhower Administration, the Dime Store New Deal. That bored the students.

No speech showed more clearly the President's dependence on his pollsters and the bureaucracy. Instructed by the polls that owning a home had high priority among voters, he dredged up a cut-rate housing scheme not heard of before or after. The speech lacked any suggestion of a real difference between Ford and Carter on questions of national security.

INCIDENT NUMBER FOUR: The second debate, on October 6, 1976.

Ford's performance that night was astonishing—calling Iraq Communist-dominated, misrepresenting his own position on the anti-Israel Arab boycott, misrepresenting Carter's position on the Italian Communists, incorrectly stating that his Administration opposed military aid to Communist countries. But all this is dwarfed by the slip of the tongue that freed Eastern Europe and lost the Presidency.

But was it a slip of the tongue? Campaigning through California the next day, Ford repeated time and again that Poland is not controlled by the Red Army. Surely, Kissinger's briefing for the President had not contained such nonsense. Rather, the President had confused Kissinger's instructions to say that the U.S. does not favor Soviet domination of Eastern Europe with a claim that Eastern Europe is not Soviet-dominated. Such a blunder stems only from total ignorance of Soviet expansionism.

INCIDENT NUMBER FIVE: The third debate, on October 22, 1976.

Perhaps the most revealing and poignant moment of the campaign came when President Ford, asked what sacrifices he would call on the American people to make, replied: "The American people will be called upon to tighten their belts a bit in meeting some of the problems that we face domestically." That would mean less spending, but Ford quickly added, "We could, I think, have a long overdue and totally justified tax *decrease* for the middle-income people." Then, with no sense of irony whatsoever, he repeated a call for reduced federal spending and "a tax reduction primarily for the middle-income people," adding that "the American people would be willing to make those sacrifices . . . in the next four years."

The idea that a call for sacrifice to meet threats to national survival might counter bread-and-butter economics never appeared in the President's briefing book and was obviously absent from his thoughts.

The antidote to Democratic bread-and-butter arguments must be a call for sacrifice at a time of international danger—precisely the call Ford was incapable of making

Carter's most obvious and most heavily publicized electoral base was his overwhelming support from black voters, North and South (which seems a permanent Democratic asset), and backing from his Southern heartland (which may be a one-time occurrence). Even so, Carter would have been defeated had he not scored substantially among white industrial workers and their families. These votes provided the narrow margin of victory in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Had Ford won two of those three states, he would have been elected.

These blue-collar voters are the nation's deepest well of patriotic fervor. The antidote to Democratic bread-and-butter arguments must be a call for sacrifice at a time of international danger—precisely the call that Ford did not make and apparently was incapable of making.

Although he called repeatedly during the last ten days of the campaign for higher defense spending and probably won some votes doing so, this appeal lacked force because Ford failed to justify it. He did not, perhaps could not,

illuminate the two points necessary to justify high defense expenditures: first, the decline in U.S. and Western strength relative to Soviet strength; second, sinister implications of the massive Soviet arms buildup since the Cuban missile crisis. To do so would have been to disavow Ford's perception of the world as derived from Mr. Kissinger.

Obviously, Ronald Reagan was impeded by no such inhibitions. Thus, the question I have been asked repeatedly since November 2: Would Reagan have defeated Carter? I doubt it. Reagan surely would have appealed more than Ford to some blue-collar workers, especially in Texas and the South. But he would have been branded, ineradicably though unjustly, as a right-wing extremist. Moreover, his campaign for the nomination was impeded by periodic candidate blunders that presumably would have been repeated in the fall campaign.

But what if Ford had somehow managed to divest himself of the Kissinger influence and wage a campaign as leader of beleaguered Western civilization calling for individual sacrifice? Could he have won?

Perhaps, thanks to Carter's own disjointed post-Convention campaign. But the Republican answer to reviving itself as a genuine national party involves something more. While making an appeal to the blue-collar worker on grounds of national security, the Republicans must also reassure him that he need not fear them economically.

FORD'S FAIRLY effective theme, during the campaign's closing ten days, of warning that Democrats mean higher taxes and, therefore, lower paychecks is part of the answer. But beyond that, Republicans must attempt what Ford did not, to convince workingmen that the GOP is not their economic enemy at the rudimentary level of collective bargaining. Or, put another way: while Republicans are death on heavy government spending, high taxes, and "particularly" profligate welfare outlays, they are even-handed neutrals in the war between management and labor.

This involves a renewed pursuit of an alliance with some elements of organized labor begun by that tainted master politician, Richard M. Nixon, and abandoned after his fall. Yet, the backbone of the party, the small-town merchants and manufacturers, who even now are not ashamed to be called Republicans, oppose any such courtship.

The fact that the labor movement is split irreconcilably on key questions of national defense and international affairs is lost on the country-club Republican. In his heart he feels that the real threat to his nation comes not from Leonid Brezhnev but from George Meany. In particular, that surviving fraction in the House of Representatives is emotionally more anti-labor than anti-Communist.

It is no coincidence that Gerald Ford was the longtime leader of that fraction. He was ill-prepared ideologically or temperamentally to seek alliance with elements in organized labor who perceive this nation's perilous condition in the world, unprepared to disappoint country-club Republicans in a quest for blue-collar workers, without whose support the party is doomed to continue its present half-life. In that sense, the fiasco of 1976 was not only the product of Mr. Ford's undeniable shortcomings as a presidential candidate but a continuation of the long descent of the Republican Party into irrelevance, defeat, and perhaps eventual disappearance. □

IN TURTLE BAY

Tickets to a Good Season

NICHOLAS KING

LIKE THE Metropolitan Opera, the United Nations has good and bad "seasons." The UN General Assembly, which runs every year from September to Christmas, is a spectacle; the delegates are actors and the crowds who come to the visitors' galleries, or who follow the show from afar in the *New York Times*, are a bored or satisfied audience. Sometimes there is melodrama, as when some insolent revolutionary drops onto the stage with pistols cocked; but, in the main, the style is pastoral-historical-comical.

This year the UN is having a good season, not because of work accomplished, for the purpose of the UN is not to accomplish such work as can be visible on any balance sheet, but because it feels that the world is at present generally in its favor, even if only to the extent that no one has absolutely attacked its existence. The extraordinary thing about the United States' veto on the membership of Vietnam is not that the Vietnamese refuse to comply with American demands for a list of men missing in action during the war. It is that a victorious and Communist Vietnam, only two years after hostilities, should be able to pose its candidacy smoothly and reasonably without a clamor on the part of the American public. The American veto is seen to be based on a bureaucratic regulation and on no other ground, like a treaty condition in an XVIII century war. Palatable or not, important or not, that is a fact, and it is a fact which on reflection adds considerably to the UN's prestige.

Making It

But there are other things, less dramatic but more weighty. In southern Africa, the UN can point to Namibia as a successful creation largely its own. For years, the future of the old German colony of South West Africa, taken over by South Africa and *de facto*

annexed to it, was a somniferous UN center-piece which spawned endless conferences and phantom commissions, although no one in New York, much less the world, had any idea of what Namibia was. Now the place is a genuine dateline; its name rolls off the knowing tongues of the news broadcasters. It still has no independence and no real existence, but even without substance it casts, as such things work in the ethos of international diplomacy, a concrete shadow.

Moreover the club continues to be desirable. There is the case of Vietnam, and the Koreans want in too; but though they are blackballed for the moment, the approved candidates continue to be admitted, for a total of 145 at last count, perhaps the most recent being some islands off the west coast of Africa called São Tomé e Príncipe. This nation has an area of 372 square miles and a population of 80,000: *chapeau!*, as the French say, and anyway there might be something useful in the precedent. As a practical matter, the UN will have to expand physically, another sign of health, for the original buildings that soar above the East River were planned for about ninety countries only—and in the best urban style the expansion will be underground.

Finally, and most important, the whole question of the balance of wealth and poverty in the world, what is now called the dialogue between North and South, has entered a new phase of improved and even constructive understanding. (Pat Moynihan was the star of a bad season.)

It is true that much of this credit is corroded by the ceaseless and futile attacks against Israel, now combined conveniently with those against South Africa, organized by the Soviet Union and the Arabs. The Russians have their faithful bloc of satellite votes still, although the world's largest Communist country is vociferously not among them, and as long as the stakes are political

and ideological they will always be a source of trouble and corruption. But from the view of the Western minority, the Soviet Union is not a leader in the UN but a stereotype, and it is a view shared increasingly by many countries of the Third World.

The importance of this perception is that it may enable the United States to be heard once more in the United Nations and to use it again as an instrument of policy and negotiation. For the dialogue between North and South, or between the Third World and the industrialized countries—you pick the jargon—is turning away at last from ideological and political poles. The Third World, or much of it, is coming to know that it wants to learn a certain American lesson, not our political lesson, not to be like Americans, heaven forbid, but the lesson that lies open for all the world to learn, the dynamism of our society, the powerful *médecine*, in the Indian-chief sense, that we make.

The Birth of the Doubts

Hence, the nascent, indeed adolescent, suspicions in many undeveloped countries about the Russian view of the future. These do not reveal themselves so much in the voting in set-piece confrontations over Israel in the General Assembly, but in places like the UNESCO conference in Nairobi, where the Soviet press-gag was badly defeated and Israel restored to its European fold. It showed up too in the Conference of the Non-Aligned in Colombo earlier this fall (to which the U.S. Mission sensibly posted an expert officer as an observer). And if the year-long Paris Conference on International Economic Cooperation is reporting only scanty agreement if any on matters of energy resources, debt relief, and commodity pricing, it is at least defining the true areas of negotiation, and purely political values do not rank high.

These conferences hear much talk about a new international economic order, by which is meant the formation of economic defense-works in those parts of the world where people depend

Mr. King was the U.S. press attaché at the United Nations the year that Peking won admission. He also worked for UPI in Paris and London and for the Herald-Tribune.

on commodities and raw materials now entirely at the mercy of Western markets and their supposed manipulators. It is a subject in vogue too among foreign-affairs professionals in this country, the oil embargo being the main source of wisdom from which these philosophies are drawn. But the oil embargo also showed that raw materials cannot be withheld from their natural markets without inflicting severe damage on their producers; so which is the more adaptable, the market or the material?

Drifting into Reality

To suppose that such a reflection heralds any sharp about-faces at the UN would be fatuous. Ideas never herald such convulsions, but they do move, and it may be that, in respect to their relation to the poor countries (the jargon dies), they may actually drift into the realm of a welcome reality. In one way the Third World was created from the outside and had to be nourished from the outside, not only by the aid and relief organizations which grew fat on its hunger, but by the cohesion it found imposed on itself by opinion in the guilty West, which is a great emotion exporter. Those who could exploit such opinion, like Castro, or Lumumba, became its dictators, setting the style not only for Western editorialists but for cause-shoppers and even teenagers and their stylists—what is junk food if not Third World nourishment? Castro, the exemplar, became in many Third World eyes, and in some European ones too, the only true rival of John F. Kennedy: he had to be linked, if only by rumor, with the assassination plot. At the same time, the poor countries provided a field of action which America's conscience denied its own minorities. Only the "minority" of women didn't succeed, and it is no coincidence that Mrs. Gandhi and Isabel Perón are not feminist heroines.

Such currents have found their mirror now in the UN itself. Ambassador Moynihan's assaults on the traditional puppet-like attacks on the United States were much resented. But they ended by suggesting the notion that it was not consonant with the responsibility of UN membership to indulge in those attacks for a local audience in the General Assembly or for the consumption of some distant homeland. Any attack at all on American policy has become of

less value as evidence of a delegate's effectiveness; it may even make him look foolish.

This is a situation which Ambassador William Scranton has taken advantage of. His soothing intelligence and his experienced reason have done much to encourage this attitude and therefore to build the kind of understanding necessary to optimism and energy. Moreover, his presence is a happy one. "The Governor," as he is called in response to that quirk of American political custom that made Adlai Stevenson "Governor" too during his embassy, is the most popular ambassador since George Bush, and the long-tried Mission staff responds gratefully.

Curiously enough, it is not a drawback in international relations to be well-liked, which is what the ex-colonials at the UN mean when they refer to him as a gentleman.

Meanwhile, the General Assembly, the Security Council, and all the rest of the UN empire are affected, like everyone else, by the presidential interregnum. For the UN it is a little like being aboard a cruise ship, not released from care, by no means released from care, but glad nonetheless that those long, intricate, and often indignant cablegrams the radio operator flashes from the bridge each night across the ocean will not be answered until the ship returns to port. □

The Reagan

Once upon election evening, as I pondered unbelieving
O'er the TV tabulations of the pleasant Chancellor,
As I sat there, mute and gasping, with my hands in prayer clasping,
Suddenly I heard a rasping, rasping at my chamber door,
And a voice so crisp, familiar, rasping,
Rasping, "Never Ford!"

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November,
And the mounting vote for Carter swelled the total on the board;
So to keep my heart from sinking, I had taken me to drinking,
From the bourbon bottle clinking, many a cheerful drink I poured.
But the voice familiar rasped out:
"Never—never Ford!"

Feeling soon as fit as fiddle, I arose, and—swaying little—
Quickly to the window ran (or perhaps it was the door),
Opened wide the casement shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Reagan from the saintly days of yore,
Perched upon the bust of Nixon (where the grapes of wrath are stored),
Perched and rasped out: "Never Ford!"

Startled into palpitation by this grim prognostication,
By this odd, repeated chord,
"Thou," I said, "though wise and mystic, are a bit too pessimistic,
Never shall a thing like Carter by this nation be adored."
Quoth the Reagan, "Never Ford!"

"Prophet," said I, "trust in Jerry; cease your babbling words contrary,
As the night advances further, we shall see a trend for Ford.
Never tell me Carter's winning! Men will see through all his grinning
And his talk of Trust and Sinning—they will kick him overboard!"
Quoth the Reagan: "Never Ford!"

And the Reagan, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
Right upon the bust of Nixon, rasping out his mournful chord,
And the mounting tabulation spells the doom of home and nation,
Weak defenses, wild inflation—see the Damoclean sword!
Quoth the Reagan: "Never Ford!"

—S. L. VARNADO

Rebirth of the Gentleman?

From the Continent

ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A FEW YEARS ago in Ljubljana, the capital of Yugoslav Slovenia, I met a group of clean-shaven young men wearing grey suits and modest ties, and carrying neatly furled umbrellas. I assumed they were young English stockbrokers on an excursion, until I heard them speaking Slovenian. My curiosity piqued, I pretended I was lost and asked for directions. Soon we were engaged in an amiable conversation, and it turned out that they were university students. I asked why they were dressed as they were, and they chorused, "We want to be young gentlemen, not proletarians."

This happened in Communist Yugoslavia. Where in still-free Europe can such an attitude be found? The younger generation in Western Europe shows a visible, and audible, tendency to develop what might be called the "*Proletkult*." *Proletkult* is the old Russian abbreviation for "Proletarian Culture," which was fostered and abetted by the Soviets in the 1920s. But by a revelatory coincidence, *Kult* in German means cult and *der Prolet* does not mean proletarian: a *Prolet* is simply a person with coarse manners and, above all, a vulgar soul. He may be a prince, a peasant, or a politician. For the last few years, he has too often been a university student.

The New Conformism

Nonconformism may have been the original impulse, but very soon the *proletkult* led to a new conformism of blue jeans, unshaven cheeks, open shirts, deliberately undistinguished accents, and quite incredible manners. Though they try to give the impression of being onto something new, these youngsters are involved mainly in elevating to a principle their essentially paralytic laziness. Their parents, who do not admit the validity of the Old Testament's admonition, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul wear for his crying," are largely at fault here.

I am not talking about hippies, drug addicts, or militant gays, but the average student who has "given up all pretense." All pretense? Or is it all

ambition? These are not extremists: they are the first generation that is dedicated to mediocrity.

It is not, as I say, altogether their fault. Today there are no guiding lights left for the young Europeans to orient themselves by. The aristocracy has abdicated its role as a model. Nor do the young find their parents' generation—the generation of World War II—in-spiring.

But although they do not emulate their parents, neither are they ambitious to surpass them. Many professions have nearly died out. The military has lost its glamor; the diplomatic service has been democratized and has lost much of its significance. Today almost every *chef de mission* is called an ambassador (a rank restricted before World War II to the representatives of the World Powers) but is actually a glorified messenger boy.

Industry and commerce—which lured many Europeans from the land during the reconstruction that followed the last war—find the new generation too apathetic to embark on anything even vaguely smacking of adventure. This apathy extends from the highest to the lowest levels. Plumbers, tailors, electricians, carpenters, all of them making handsome livings, cannot get apprentices. The factories, with their well-regulated, dull routine, are more attractive. Nobody wants to think, nobody wants to exert himself. Once young men dreamed of becoming Napoleons, Edisons, Lindberghs, Marconis, Bismarcks, Krupps, Rothschilds, Garibaldis. But today, the Latin proverb *Bene latuit, bene vixit*—He lived well who led a hidden life—is quite generally accepted as sound advice. Thus the move toward secure positions, though by no means a new phenomenon in Europe, is gaining momentum. Nearly everybody aspires to a job with tenure and a pension from the state, "that many-breasted maternal deity," as it was dubbed by Alexander Mitscherlich, the noted German sociopsychologist.

This should not be too surprising. A look back at European developments of the past century reveals a history of treason: the great-grandfathers betrayed

the monarchs, the grandfathers the early republics, the fathers the Fascists (whom they had served with or without conviction). Thus the sons and daughters are like mules: without pride in their ancestry and with no great expectations of posterity.

Back to the Middle Ages

They want no labels, no responsibility; for them the word "honor" is simply a relict from the Middle Ages. There have always been those in any country who make it believable that man really did descend from the apes; but today, it seems more likely to have been from the chameleons. This generation prefers to abdicate. To be a gentleman, a lady? To think, to speak, to act like one? How medieval!

Will this trend continue? I doubt it, because the political frame fostering such attitudes is going to change—is already changing. For reasons that are not quite clear, there is a marked reaction to their immediate elders among the present high-school and early-college-age students, who tend toward conservatism and "elitism." The lengthening shadows of a great economic crisis have their share in this (very gradual) change. It was not poverty but, rather, prosperity which helped to create abdicationism. As the economy contracts, there will be no room for the lazy mediocrities wallowing in *Proletkult*. □



LETTER FROM OTTAWA

Canada at the Crossroads

DONALD COXE

QUEBEC PREMIER Robert Bourassa decided to call a snap election, although his Liberals had an unexpired term in their lease on the provincial capital. He chose to exercise that precious prerogative accorded majority governments by the British parliamentary-style system—the right to call elections at times of their own choosing. His decision has led to the election of a government committed not only to the abolition of parliamentary-style government, but to the creation of an independent, socialist Quebec.

There was no doubt that Bourassa was bound to lose some seats in what the province of Quebec calls its National Assembly. In 1973 he carried 102 of the 110 seats. That lopsided margin could not continue, but it seemed unlikely to vanish completely.

Nevertheless, the Liberals had obvious problems. The economy was deteriorating rapidly after the costly Olympic boomlet, and unemployment exceeded 10 per cent—far above the national average. The province's finances were in trouble, with the current deficit reaching a billion dollars, a figure that will raise the public debt by one-third. Bourassa was described by one leading Liberal candidate as "the most hated man in Quebec." His personal unpopularity sprang from his arrogance, his tolerance of corruption at a level well beyond the province's somewhat gamy standards, and, most importantly, his new language policy. Bourassa had been given overwhelming support by Quebec's English-speaking minority. They felt betrayed when he imposed a new French-only policy that harassed the business community and prevented many from sending their children to English-language schools.

These factors proved conclusive. English-language voters deserted the

Liberals, voting for the nearly extinct Union Nationale (UN), French voters swung to the Parti Québécois (PQ), and the final tally showed 69 seats for the PQ, 28 for the Liberals, 11 for the UN, and two split among the other parties. René Lévesque won by playing down (but not denying) his separatism, emphasizing bread-and-butter issues and honesty in government. The winning slogan: "A true government."

ALTHOUGH 41 per cent of the electorate voted PQ, pre-election polls showed that only 18 per cent favored separatism. Even that figure may overstate the enthusiasm for independence: a post-election poll by the same pollster found only 11 per cent wanting out of Canada. These statistics are being cited by politicians and stockbrokers eager to reassure everyone—particularly foreign investors—that Lévesque is "just another provincial premier" who has no power to pull Quebec out.

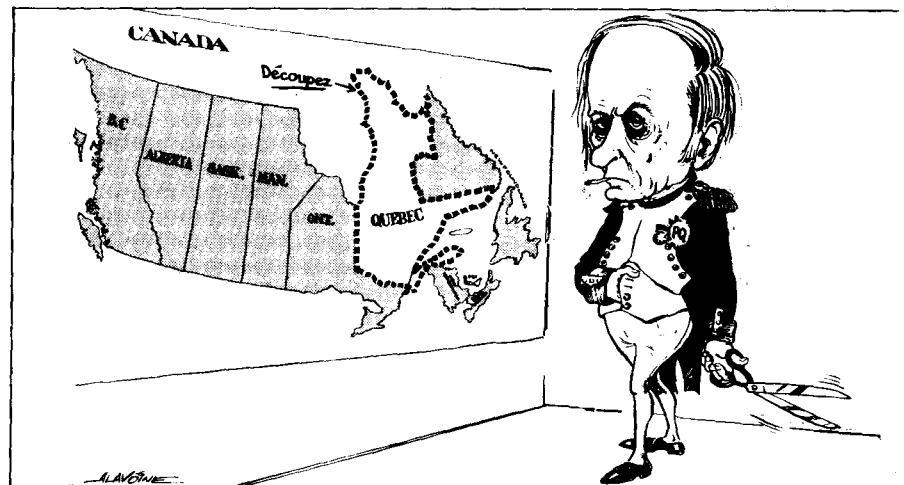
Although there may be no justification for panic, it is idle to pretend that nothing has changed. Lévesque has forced every Canadian to start thinking seriously about the separatist option. There may in fact be greater enthusiasm for separatism outside Quebec than within the province, because of

growing resentment of Ottawa's bilingual policies and the widespread conviction that Quebec is being heavily subsidized by the rest of Canada.

Financiers may speak soothingly about the insignificance of the election, but financial markets here have been in a state of continual shock since pre-election polls showed Lévesque ahead. The Toronto Stock Exchange Index is down 7 per cent, with particularly savage selling of Quebec-based companies like Alcan and Bell. The Canadian dollar has fallen 6.5 per cent, with no end in sight. Plans for corporate expansion are being shelved while businessmen await Lévesque's promised referendum on independence, which is scheduled for 1978.

Canada cannot wait that long. The national economy was flagging before the Quebec upset, and a two-year state of limbo would be disastrous. Unfortunately, Canada's spokesman in negotiations with Lévesque is Pierre Trudeau, who had recently said that separatism was dead. The Quebec Liberal defeat is also a defeat for Trudeau's federal Liberals, who were involved directly and indirectly in the campaign. Lévesque has already begun to make extreme demands on Ottawa for financial help for his floundering province. If Trudeau accedes, he will destroy his already meager support across Canada and will make Lévesque look good to Quebecers. If he refuses, Lévesque will blame him—and Canada—for all Quebec's economic problems.

Canada may well come through this period of testing as a stronger and more unified nation than ever before. It may also succumb to economic problems and separatism. □



Alavoine, *The Citizen*

Rothc

Mr. Coxe, an insurance executive in Toronto, is NATIONAL REVIEW's Canadian correspondent.

LETTER FROM CHILE

Three years after Allende: Inflation is down to 200 per cent—a fifth of what it was under Allende; farm production is up; foreign investors are returning; and Radio Moscow broadcasts five or six programs a day

Evolution within the Form

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN ORLANDO LETELIER, who had been Ambassador to the U.S. for Marxist Salvador Allende's Chilean government, was killed by a bomb in Washington two months ago, the presumption, voiced by Senators James Abourezk of South Dakota and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, was that he had been done away with by agents of the Chilean secret police (DINA). Knowing that the DINA did indeed indulge in terrorist strong-arm work in the months following the overthrow of Allende in 1973, Abourezk and Kennedy were carrying this pattern of the past into the present. But a presumption is not proof, and after a moment's thought, one realizes that it would have been incredibly stupid PR for the DINA to permit such a thing. Further investigation indicates the killing was more probably the work of an anti-Castro Cuban terrorist group.)

When I was in Chile in June, I saw several presumptions go astray. One of the presumptions was my own. I had come to Chile expecting something rather less grim than the picture of the country one gets from liberal American and British publications, but I was shocked for some grimness nonetheless. To my surprise the capital city of Santiago seemed like a relaxed West European metropolis. If what they have here is semi-fascism, a description seduced with straight-faced conviction by Chileans who, paradoxically, aren't afraid to speak to foreigners, it is the softest semi-fascism you ever saw.

The four-man military Junta that resides over Chile indulges in abso-

lutely no cult of personality. There is some censorship (a pamphlet calling the Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, a former president, the "Kerensky" of Chile had been banned as a matter of courtesy to a veteran public servant even though he is no friend of the ruling regime). But there, in the week of the annual meeting of the Organization of American States, the kiosks were, flaunting the latest issue of *Time* magazine, which happened to contain a totally misleading and extremely anti-Chilean account of what was going on at the OAS. The *Time* story, picking up on Henry Kissinger's schoolmarmish speech to the assembled OAS delegates, reported with obvious glee that Chile had had "no luck" whatsoever in its attempt to clear itself in the eyes of its Latin American neighbors.

OAS Approval

The *Time* story was another pure presumption—and it happened in this case to be an ugly travesty. Both *Time* and Henry Kissinger had at their disposal the most recent report of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights. This report did not gloss over the fact that a few hundred "political" were still waiting for processing under the so-called State of Siege law in Tres Alamos and Puchencavi prisons, which is a denial of habeas corpus in the ordinary sense. Nor did the case-load section of the document neglect to recite a lot of gruesome details about homicides and torture imputed to the DINA. Nevertheless the report noted that the worst of the horrors were in a rapidly receding past. In its "final conclusion," the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights said, "there has been a quantitative reduction in the infringe-

ment of certain fundamental human rights, . . . a reduced frequency of arbitrary arrests, a shortening, even though not general, of the duration of deprivations of liberty without due process, and restrictions on the use of exceptional wartime jurisdiction and procedures."

It was this final conclusion that gave the lie to the *Time* story. For even as the *Time* allegation about Chile's lack of luck was circulating in downtown Santiago and at OAS headquarters, 21 out of 23 OAS member states were expressing what amounted to their approval of Chile's recent conduct.

In full realization that you couldn't speak of "quantitative reduction" of prison terror in Cuba, Cambodia, Vietnam, Angola, Mozambique, Uganda, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Albania, or Red China, or in the Gulag Archipelago and the "insane asylums" maintained by the Soviet Russian Fatherland, every Latin American country with the exception of Brazil (which does not recognize the rights of any international organization to investigate internal affairs) and Chile itself (which did not find it seemly to judge its own case) voted to give Chile at least a comparatively clean bill of health.

The Commission especially commended the recent Supreme Decree 187 of the Chilean Junta, which allows the head of the Supreme Court and the Minister of Justice to enter a prison unannounced, bringing their own witnesses, to see what is going on. A Chilean left-libertarian told me and Allan Ryskind of *Human Events* that things like Decree 187 were simply for show, the mark of a "sophisticated fascism," but Prime Minister Eric M. Gairy of the little West Indian state of Grenada remarked before leaving the OAS meet-

Mr. Chamberlain, a nationally syndicated columnist, is a frequent contributor to NR.

ing: "*Tengo ahora una visión más clara y positiva de Chile.*" ("I now hold a clearer and more positive view of Chile.") Gairy was particularly incensed by the tendency of the Eastern U.S. press to echo Communists. He was supported by the liberal foreign minister of Costa Rica. All an objective visitor can say is that the future will tell about Gairy's "*más clara*" view. But the torture, as another Commission on Human Rights report has made abundantly plain, goes on in Castro's jails without any reproof from those who caterwaul about Chile in the international press.

Allende's Ghost

I don't believe in conspiracy theories—ideological contagion is enough to explain our contemporary malaise—but when General Augusto Pinochet, the *primus inter pares* among the four leaders of the Junta, says Chile is the victim of a campaign "orchestrated" by the Communists, he is close enough to the contagion theory to suit me. However, the Latin American delegates to the OAS gathering had not been taken in by the orchestration that has fooled *Time* and other reputable North American and West European journals. Presumably they could see for themselves the difference between Havana or East Berlin and a relatively relaxed Santiago, where the leading newspaper, *El Mercurio*, was free to publish the full Commission on Human Rights report on the alleged crimes of DINA, Christian Democrats are free to sound off in opposition to the Junta, and the government invites international organizations in to investigate charges of torture.

The Chilean ruling quadrumvirate is authoritarian, all right. But authoritarian regimes are an old story in a world that refuses to discipline itself so as to maintain the precarious balance between majority rule and respect for minority rights (including the property right) that is necessary if democracies are to exist, let alone flourish. The Chilean Junta will be judged eventually on how it carries on a rehabilitation of civil liberties that has already had a most encouraging start. (A fortnight ago Chile announced it was freeing all but twenty of the political prisoners it still held.)

If the majority of Chileans feel any terror at the moment, it is at the prospect that the ghost of Salvador Allende

might, with the assistance of Castro or the Russians, be revived. There is no doubt that Allende, by the time of his deposition and suicide, was a thoroughly hated man. It's hard for Anglo-Saxons to commend military government of any sort, but it is silly to feel that the Junta—which moved on September 11, 1973 to forestall a *putsch* by the far Left, whose weapons had been smuggled from Cuba—had nipped a promising adventure in democracy in the bud.

The idea that you can have a socialist democratic "revolution within the form" (Garet Garrett's wonderful phrase) must founder on the fact that it is never peaceful to expropriate property into which people have put their labor. Allende's executive arm of government (it never had the permission of parliament to act) had embarked extralegally on a course of robbery by indirection. It didn't dare openly abolish freedom of the press, so it moved to corner all the available local sources of newsprint and denied spare parts to radio stations. As Ed Korry, our ambassador to Chile until 1971, has pointed out, Allende, who had "intervened" (i.e., taken over) the banks, refused credit to the press unless they promised political support. There were few remaining sources of advertising when Allende had finished "intervening" small companies on the excuse that there were breakdowns in the "supply of articles of prime necessity."

Quadruple-Digit Inflation

Things had been bad enough under the Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, when some 40 per cent of total national revenue was accounted for by the public sector. But Allende pushed this up to 67 per cent by defining any company with \$500,000 capital as an expropriable monopoly. His agrarian seizures, which left much of the land unworked, created terrific food shortages: in 1973 Chile was forced to pay \$600 million for foreign food. Profits disappeared everywhere when Allende, to bring unemployment down to 3 per cent (ahoy there, Humphrey-Hawkins), put more excess labor on the "intervened" companies' payrolls than C. Northcote Parkinson could shake a stick at. The inflation hit an official annual rate of 700 per cent—but, taking black-market prices into consideration, it was probably in excess of 1,000 per

cent. The truckers, most of them small businessmen who owned their own trucks, finally dug in their heels when they heard that their *gremio*, or guild was destined to be "intervened" into a state trucking agency. So they struck and kept on striking, and what little food was left in the countryside could not be moved into the cities; Chilean city-dwellers started standing in all night queues for food.

The way the "revolution within the form" degenerated into a formless chaos has been voluminously documented by Robert Moss of the London *Economist*, by Paul Sigmund of Princeton University, by Edward Glab Jr. of the University of Texas, and by William Ratliff of the Hoover Institution at Stanford. I had to go to Chile to discover their essays, which have been gathered (along with many others) in a remarkable compendium called *Chile: The Balanced View*, published by the University of Chile's Institute of International Studies. Though written from a perspective the Leninists would condemn as bourgeois (in reality, a Lockean libertarian perspective on a person's right to his property-labor mix), the Moss, Sigmund, Glab, and Ratliff studies agree with the Leninists, who hold that a peaceful socialist revolution is impossible. Allende had to cheat by wrecking the middle class before he could hope to complete his "revolution within the form." If this is "democracy," then we are doomed to slay ourselves by semantics. But the Chilean Junta—an army general, an admiral, leader of the air force, and a leader of the *carabineros* (national police)—became surfeited with semantic juggling and moved against Allende in time to give the Western world a stay of execution in Chile.

Military men in power normally tend to take a stuck-needle attitude toward what they are doing. But generals, unlike Communist commissars and bureaucrats, have been known to relinquish the reins of government. The problem in Chile today is whether there can be an "evolution within the form" that will result in the restoration of republican government in a revived pluralistic economy.

There are many reasons for believing this evolution can happen. Chile, prior to Allende, was always a varied country. You wouldn't expect a military dictatorship to be in any hurry to restore diversity in society. But here, again, t

Junta that governs Chile seems to be an anomaly.

Astoundingly enough, the Chilean generals and admirals seem to be rushing pell-mell to get the economy off their hands. You don't hear much about the Vienna school of free-enterprise economists in Santiago. But that is because the Chicago school, associated with Frank Knight and Milton Friedman, got there first. This happened because of exchange programs between a local university and the University of Chicago. Over the course of a period that began well before Allende, some sixty Chilean economists studied the free-market and anti-inflationary "monetarist" views of Milton Friedman and his colleagues. This created a generation of new economists in Chile. Other Chilean economists have studied at Harvard, MIT, Columbia, and elsewhere; but the influence of Friedman has been as pervasive as a camphor ball. So the term "Chicago boy" is used indiscriminately to describe economists in general, and even those economists who insist they aren't "Chicago boys" hasten to proclaim their admiration for the Friedman school.

The Shock Treatment

The new government's admiration for "Chicago boy" thinking did not begin with Friedman's visit to Santiago last year, when he gave three lectures recommending that Chile imitate the "shock treatment" prescribed for West Germany by Ludwig Erhard back in 1948. But Friedman's visit reinforced a conviction that something drastic must be done to get the continuing inflation under control. The Chilean finance minister, Jorge Cauas, happens to be a civil engineer. But he took courses at Columbia from Arthur Burns, who has his Friedmanite side. Cauas would not wholly please any Vienna or even Chicago purist: he has no intention of returning the big Chilean copper mines to private ownership, and the government apparently intends to keep a dominant position in public utilities and banking. If Cauas' predictions come true, the Chilean government will always maintain a 25 per cent hold in a "mixed" economy. But Cauas' program therefore envisions letting three-quarters of the economy go into private hands.

The hardest part of Cauas' limited shock treatment" appears to be over.

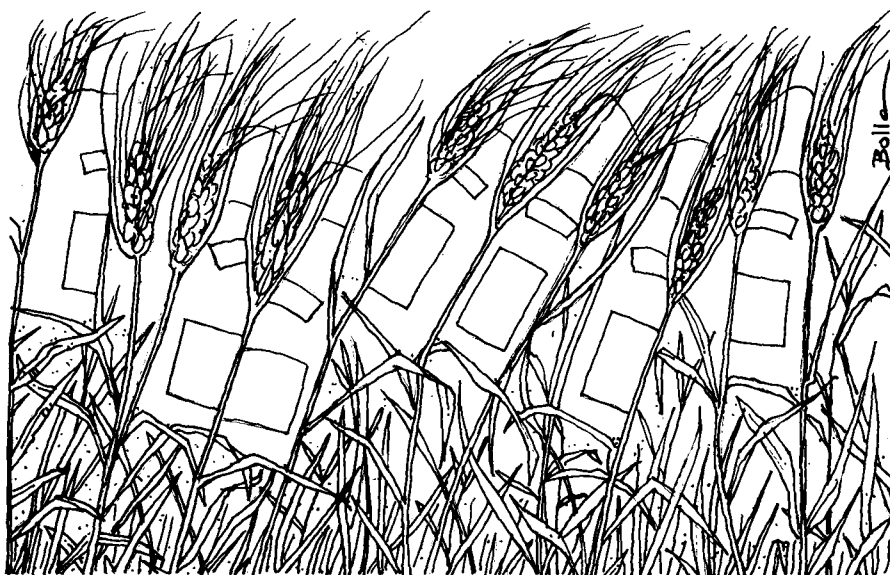
Its greatest successes have been in the field of agriculture. Under Allende the peasants were standing around waiting for "collectives" to be organized. The illegal takeovers had discouraged private plantings, and Allende had depleted the national treasury to import foreign food. If the Pinochet Junta were actually the tool of reactionary forces that leftist propaganda supposes it to be, land would have been restored to big absentee owners after the 1973 coup. But it didn't happen that way. The land is being given out in middle-sized units, small enough so farmers can work their own land, large enough for the efficient use of machinery.

The result of this real reform has been an exportable surplus of food in processed forms. Christian Democrats say that the export is at the expense of poor people who can't afford food, but the administration must be doing something right in its policy of milk distribution to poor children and expectant mothers, for infant mortality in Chile fell in 1975 to 57 per thousand babies, the lowest in Chilean history. (The rate had been 62 per thousand in 1974.) The Corporation for Infantile Nutrition, a private foundation, hopes to put the Chilean poor on a good vitamin standard as well as an adequate calorie standard. If the foundation's president, Dr. Fernando Monckeberg, has his way, Chile will become the best-nourished country in Latin America without sacrificing any of its food exports. In any event, the export of Chile's remarkable wines (it has 280,000 acres of vineyards) is nutritionally "neutral." Foreign exchange derived from wine is needed to help Chile import wheat,

which it can't raise in large amounts in a land area dominated by deserts in the north and by the Andean mountain chain that rears itself spectacularly on the eastern horizon.

Under Cauas the import figure for food, mainly wheat, stands at \$240 million, a considerable improvement over the \$600 million that Allende spent at a time when wheat was selling at a much lower price. With copper prices reviving, and with an export market developing for Chilean processed foods, leather goods, and other non-traditional items, the Chilean cross-border trade is actually in balance.

Why, then, does the inflation continue? The reason for the stated 200 per cent, which is horrendous enough, resides in the Pinochet government's insistence that the nation must honor its international obligations if it is to become "credit-worthy" in the eyes of the world. Where Allende had informed Kennecott, Anaconda, and other international corporations that they couldn't expect so much as a single *escudo* for their expropriated properties or for dividends that had accrued to them in the last days of shared ownership, the Cauas decision has been to pay for the expropriations over a period of five years. This means that the government must print paper money to buy foreign exchange from its own banks and exporters to send to Kennecott, Anaconda, and the rest. The new money then naturally flows into the local markets to bid up the price of available goods and services. Fortunately for Cauas' equanimity, the improvement in copper prices will probably hasten the day when the incredible foreign debt that



is a hangover from the Frei and Allende regimes will no longer be an inflationary burden.

General Pinochet speaks of the "tasks" his government must perform before there can be a return to the democratic competition of political parties in a legislature set up by popular vote. In an interview he rapidly ticked off some of the tasks that are on their way toward completion. 1) The inflation is only a fifth of what it was under Allende. 2) \$800 million of the foreign debt will be repaid this year. 3) Tariffs are down by 6 per cent. 4) The country is becoming agriculturally self-sufficient. 5) The "normalization" of international relations that has followed from the decision to pay foreign creditors is beginning to attract new foreign capital. 6) Help for the unemployed, still numbered at 16 per cent of the working population, is assured by requiring work in the local parks and streets from the able-bodied. 7) Children get food supplements at school, and there are open dining rooms for needy adults. 8) The number of political prisoners is down to a handful. 9) A special group has been set up to consider a new constitution and a return to a pre-State of Siege government that will combine both order and democratic freedom.

Return to Democracy?

Before political parties can be allowed free play, however, Pinochet believes there must be a further healing period. If present security measures were relaxed, Radio Moscow, which beams five or six programs into Chile every day, could incite new violence. Air force chief Gustavo Leigh says his government has destroyed the MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) terrorists who had been pushing Allende to abolish parliament, and broken the violent wing of Allende's Socialist Party; however, the orthodox Communists still have their cells in Chile. The authorities have discovered 95,000 pieces of smuggled arms, but these are by no means all the guns that Cuba smuggled into Chile during the Allende years. Leigh would like some five years of healing before the Junta bows out and hands control to an elected president.

Christian Democrats who supported the Junta's coup are now growing restive about the indefiniteness of the re-

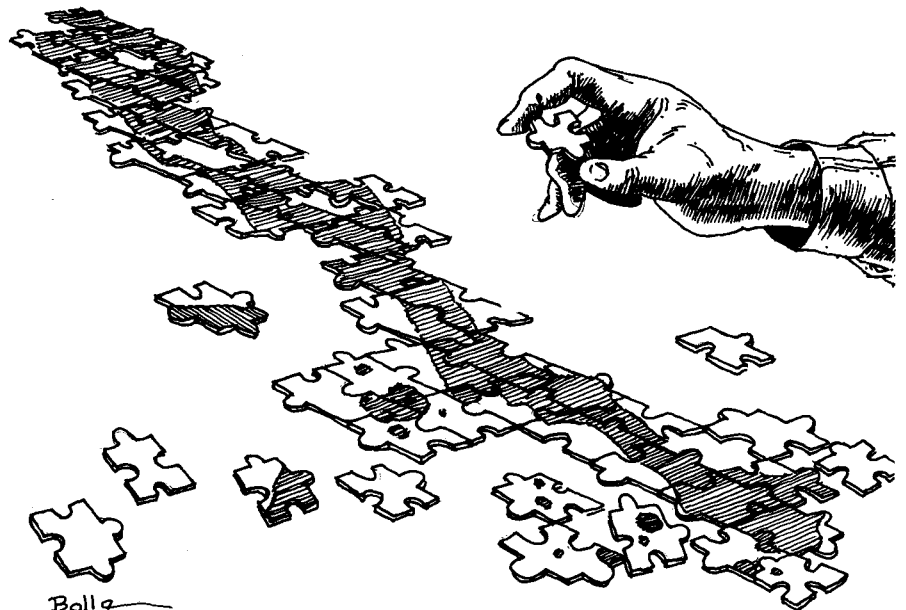
turn to democratic forms. But if a hard and fast date were to be set—even as late as, say, 1980—many of them would be satisfied. Jaime Guzmán, a brilliant Catholic teacher of constitutional law and advisor to the Junta, is convincing about the government's promise to provide Chile with a new constitutional regime. Guzmán, a member of the group that is even now meeting to discuss forms of democracy, is careful to say that he speaks for himself alone, but his ideas about a "protected democracy" are consonant with what his colleagues desire. He talks of a traditional presidential system, but would have it set up on the French model, which insists on a run-off if no candidate gets over 50 per cent of the vote the first time around. This would mean that no future Allende could become president of Chile with only 36 per cent of the popular vote.

Aside from the form of the presidential election, the problem in Chile is to restore good faith among political parties. There must be believable rules of the game. Some way must be found to keep totalitarians of both the Left and the Right from using democratic forms to provoke revolutionary situations. Guzmán, without being dogmatic about it, says he is interested in the West German system, which makes it illegal for Communists or Nazis to put up parliamentary slates. Beyond that, he would have candidates for the legislature register as individuals, not as figures on a party list. One would have to be 35 years old to stand for parliament. (Guzmán is twenty-nine.)

To forestall the logrolling that seems inevitable in legislatures composed of many representatives of small constituencies, Guzmán is considering a small legislature with representatives chosen from wide geographical areas. Any logrolling would then be done in primary contests before the final elections. Men representing wide constituencies could not be narrowly partisan about affairs. Demagogy under such circumstances would diminish. And, as a brake on the bad legislation that often results from transient enthusiasms, 25 per cent of Guzmán's dream parliament would consist of "ex officios" who had already proved their capacity to serve the nation. The "ex officios" would include ex-presidents, supreme court justices, rectors of universities, and other honored citizens.

Since Guzmán has been accused of being a "semi-fascist," a favorite pejorative description among Chilean liberals, he wants it known that he has no interest in a parliamentary set-up that represents "corporative" interests on the Mussolini model. He may find it more difficult than he thinks to create a democracy that will preclude demagogy and revolutionary plotting disguised as appeals to "popular unity." But he sounds both honest and determined.

Chile has still a long way to go before it is out of the woods. But the Junta has a workable program for a return to free enterprise and democratic institutions. The non-Communist world owes Chile some sympathetic understanding. □



Sunshine Filtering Through

THOSE FAITHFUL souls who have read this page for more than two decades are not unaware that your servant often takes a dim view of what passes for learning, higher and lower, in America. I keep telling myself, nevertheless, that conceivably these United States may yet enter upon an Augustan Age, we being chastened by adversity as were the citizens of an earlier Republic.

Although I am not so sanguine just now as to suggest that the life of the mind in this continent already emerges from intellectual errors of the past century, still there may be discerned symptoms of renewal. I suggest some of these below.

First, cheerfulness loving company at least as much as misery does, I am somewhat heartened by the current number of the *Bulletin of the Council for Basic Education*, which contains summaries of reports and addresses given at the CBE's annual membership meeting. Mr. A. Graham Down, the Council's executive director, suggests that "there is much in the current scene to give one at least grounds for cautious hope."

Mr. Down mentions the revival of general education in colleges, the renewed interest in survey courses in basic subjects in secondary schools nationally, the improving performance of "minority" children in the early grades, and that "the potential power of the public gradually accustoming itself to demand more of our nation's schools constitutes considerable grounds for hope." Extracts from talks to the CBE by Clifton Fadiman, John W. Porter, Ruth Adams, James D. Koerner, and other friends of educational reform and reinvigoration touch perceptively on what can be done, practically, to make schools worth attending.

If you didn't know it already, let me inform you that the Council for Basic

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Education, these past two decades and more, has been a considerable force for waking people's minds to the need for genuine education, as distinguished from sociability, busing, and mere training.

Everyone ought to give the Council support. One can become a regular Council member, and receive the *Bulletin* and other publications, for only \$7.50 a year. The address is 725 Fifteenth Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Imaginative and Orthodox

Second, permit me to commend to you a most promising, brand-new college, to open its doors next September. This is Cardinal Newman College, which is about to settle itself in St. Louis (having acquired the campus of an expiring Catholic girls' college). I think it astonishing that until now no Catholic college in this land has been dedicated to the name, or the principles, of John Henry Newman. This new foundation is imaginatively traditional in its program and vigorously orthodox in its theology.

Newman College will be on the humane scale, and a very strong faculty is being recruited. It will accept no governmental aid: "Our compact size and our refusal to risk compromising our Catholic identity for the sake of public funds guarantee our loyal dedication to the purposes we have chosen to accomplish," its founders declare. Your servant has been elevated to the dignity of a trustee.

Here is some information about the new college's curriculum:

In the first year our curriculum focuses on the Ancient World in its various aspects and interrelates them: the Old Testament, classical philosophy, literature, history, and art. The second year concerns itself with the Medieval World, studying the new Christian community with its remarkable cultural advances. The third year deals with the Renaissance and early Modern Period as they grew out of the past and gave birth to our contemporary civilization. In the fourth year the Present World can be faced in the light of the knowledge acquired from this rich cultural background and by the skills developed

in analysis and appraisal. The student builds a coherent critical perspective by the comprehensive and systematic study of philosophy and theology throughout the four years.

In its first year, Cardinal Newman College will accept some two hundred students. For the time being, the place to write for more information is the College's sponsoring organization—Manresa Educational Corporation, 4753 North Broadway, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

Third, let me call to your attention a new magazine, *The Chesterton Review*, all about G. K. Chesterton, of the many-sided talent. Reading and studying Chesterton's writings is an education in itself. *The Chesterton Review*, edited by Father Ian Boyd, is published at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Don't immediately exclaim, "Of all places!" For though Chesterton did not dwell in Saskatoon, there exists, affiliated with the University of Saskatchewan, a good institution called St. Thomas More College, where your servant recently addressed the first public meeting of the international Chesterton Society. Saskatoon seems to have about as many Chesterton votaries as does New York City.

The Roots of Learning

The current number of the *Review* contains lively pieces: Colin Clark's "Economist's View of Chesterton," Marshall McLuhan's "Formal Causality in Chesterton," David L. Derus on Chesterton and W. B. Yeats, Russell Kirk (less worthy) on Chesterton and T. S. Eliot, and others. To subscribe, send \$6 (or, if a Canadian, \$5) to *The Chesterton Review*, Department of English, St. Thomas More College, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. It's a quarterly, handsomely printed. Would that more of Chesterton's books were available in paperback!

All in all, I suspect that we still have in our society the power to refresh the roots of learning—if we remind ourselves that the ends of education, according to Plato, are wisdom and virtue. From time to time I will bring you tidings of whatever victories we are able to win. □

Hidden Costs II

AAAAAAARGGGHHH, as Keith Mano would say. (Private aargot?) Now, our lesson for today picks up where we left off six months ago, upchucking over the paperwork burden of the income tax. As you have forgotten, I calculated the manhours involved in keeping records, filing returns, and making payments, multiplied by a modest \$7 (average hourly wage), and came up with the nauseating conclusion that the cost of paying taxes is \$21 billion a year. Yup, just the friction in the machine is \$21 billion. Aaaaaaaargh.

Well, the news is worse. The Federal Gummint orders us to shuffle a lot more paper than just the income tax forms. Alfred Eames Jr., chairman of Del Monte Corporation, says the cost of obeying gummint regulations is about \$40 billion a year. He cites one example in his own company. In the last seven years the Fed. Gum. popped off 14 new regulations about food labels. The cost to Del Monte alone was several million dollars: recalling old batches, designing and printing new labels, *e tutto quello jazz*.

An industry survey made last year showed that the cost of filling out gummint forms had risen 20 per cent in the last year alone. There are 100,000 corporations in this lovely country. There are a million small unincorporated businesses. Care to guess how many forms they're required to send to Washington each year? *One Hundred Fourteen Million*.

The Library of Congress figgers the annual cost of filling out those reports is \$40 billion, that's Bee, billion. There are about 15,000 different types of

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

forms adrift in Washington and circulating through the provinces, giving people ulcers and making them pronounce ugly words.

A couple of months ago Mr. Richard Wood, the chairman of Eli Lilly, wrote that his firm spends more man-hours filling out government—pardon me, *gummint* reports than it does in research for cancer and heart diseases combined. He said that gathering the information, analyzing it, and putting it on gummint reports costs Lilly about \$15 million a year. Lilly has to recoup those expenses, and there's only one way: to add them to the price of the medicine it sells. Lilly tried to market an arthritis drug. It had to file an application with the Food and Drug Administration. The required information filled One Hundred Twenty Thousand Pages and had to be filed in triplicate. Lilly figures only about a quarter of that information really was related to the FDA's decision on the drug.

LILLY ALSO had to report, natch, to the ecofreaks. The Environmental Protection Agency. A computer printout running 153 pages was needed just for the *index* of the information sent in. Each entry in the index represented between three and three thousand pages of reports. Some of the stuff had to be reported four times a year.

Vulcan, Inc., in Latrobe, Pa., is a small enough company. It earns about \$2 million a year. Nevertheless, the paperwork load imposed by federal, state, and local gummints keeps twenty employees off balance full-time or part-time for a total of 7,000 manhours a year, at a total cost of \$88,000 in salary and perks (Blue Cross, OASI, SocSec, so forth). That's \$12.57 per hour, far above the \$7 I figured when I came up with \$21 billion a year for the income tax forms alone.

One horrible peculiarity of gummint forms is that they must be filed on time. Whereas the company business can always be deferred. One of Vulcan's personnel men would love to finish his manual on plant safety, but he had to spend 20 per cent of his time fooling around with paperwork for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. The company's chief

engineer is a year behind schedule on a modernization plan that should save Vulcan about \$450,000 a year. Why is he behind schedule? Strange you should ask dat. He has only three men on the engineering staff. They spend, *as a group*, one month per year fooling around with state reports on anti-pollution equipment. Some of the reports run to forty pages or more. Does anybody read them?

You can figger that hidden cost directly. Each year this goes on, Vulcan loses one month of savings on that new plant: one-twelfth of \$450,000. Just filing the ecofreak papers is costing Vulcan \$40,000 a year. Better add that to the \$88,000 already draining out. Paperwork and associated burdens at Vulcan now costing 10¢ per share. Total cash dividend is only about 30¢. Nearing the paperwork brink.

And then there's the obviously wasted effort of saying the same thing again and again to different agencies. The FTC requires *from Vulcan* data already filed with the SEC. The BLS asks for data Vulcan has already sent to the FTC. The Labor Department asks for pension-fund data already submitted to the IRS. The IRS and the Labor Department could get it from the SEC, but they'd rather bug Vulcan. Paperwork paperwork paperwork!

Well, does it do any good? Maybe it's really *worth* \$100 billion a year to have those fancy statistics? Time and again, the gummint statistics are either late, inaccurate, or vague. Companies pull their own surveys when they need the facts. They may think they're getting their money's worth with all those "free" gummint statistics, but they're not. Simple. The gummint cranks out statistics whether they're useful or not. In the free market, you don't build a number till you need it.

This column is dedicated to free-market solutions to vast social problems. The problem *du jour* is the burden and pain of gummint paperwork we're all forced to pay for whether we want it or not, at a hideous price in open and hidden costs. The solution: *Let the gummint purchase its statistics from free-market research outfits. When the taxpayers see what it costs, they'll rise up as one man and say Aaaaaaaggghhh.* □

Mr. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report and author of the recently published William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide.

Arts & Manners

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Sandy and Andy

Alexander Calder, who died November 11 at the age of 78, was America's best-known and best-loved contemporary artist, and it is altogether appropriate that he and Andrew Wyeth, probably his runner-up in our affections, are subjects for large-scale New York exhibitions marking the close of the Bicentennial, Calder at the Whitney Museum and Wyeth at the Metropolitan. (Wyeth till February 6, Calder till January 30; the Calder will then travel to Atlanta, Minneapolis, and Dallas.) Both shows, but especially the Calder, are packing 'em in, and their hefty, lavishly illustrated catalogues seem likely candidates for the Christmas coffee table.

The contrast between the two artists could hardly be more striking: Wyeth slow, painstakingly careful, steeped in traditional craftsmanship (Albrecht Dürer, he says, is his idol), in love with a subject matter that seems to belong to the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century; Calder quick, playful, childlike, crazy about gadgets, inexhaustibly inventive, a touch of fantasy enlivening everything he put his hand to, whether a soup ladle for his wife's kitchen or the marvelously witty toy circus that has been enchanting children and grown-ups alike ever since he first put it through its paces in his Paris studio back in the Twenties. Wyeth's view of life is contemplative, often somber, like the browns and greys and muted greens of his palette; he prefers bare trees to those fully leafed, winter landscapes to those of spring and summer; his most memorable portraits are of the old. Calder was happy, optimistic; his colors were the primaries, red, blue, yellow, black. His basic

forms were simple, too, his drawings pure wiry outlines economically conjuring up his subject's essence—an acrobat, a Saint Bernard with brandy flask, or the lion challenged by a gnat in *Aesop's Fables*. Perhaps the differences between them can be summed up by describing Wyeth as the Robert Frost of American art and Calder as its Walt Whitman with, perhaps, a touch of Ogden Nash.

What they have in common is their easy comprehensibility; one doesn't have to puzzle out their meaning. Of course, when Calder first hit on the idea of making sculpture that moved, he was tagged as a far-out radical. But if Gerald Ford lists as one of his proudest accomplishments as a congressman helping his native Grand Rapids commission *La Grande Vitesse*—get the pun?—for its new central plaza, you can figure that Calder had long since achieved Old Master status. As for Wyeth, his popularity and the high prices he commands have been constants for thirty years; *Christina's World* has been the public's favorite picture at the Museum of Modern Art ever since they acquired it. Inevitably, artists with this kind of popularity run the risk of being

called panderers of *kitsch*, and both Calder and Wyeth have come in for this kind of criticism, Calder for the numerous and unfortunately repetitive lithographs he turned out toward the end of his life, Wyeth for his limited subject matter. The current renewed interest in realism has made critics treat Wyeth more kindly than in the Fifties and Sixties; but even so the Metropolitan's curator of twentieth century American art, Henry Geldzahler, refused to handle the current show lest he damage his standing with the avant garde. (Director Thomas Hoving took over the job instead.)

YET THE SIMPLICITY of these artists is more apparent than real. In the sensitive interview Mr. Hoving had with Wyeth over a five-day period (reprinted in the catalogue), it is clear that though Wyeth prefers depicting old buckets to shiny new ones, his obsession with capturing the essence of the subject, the texture around it, even the atmosphere of the day in which the subject happened to "exist" is tempered by his need to pare down, eliminate, clarify. "I don't agree with the theory that simplicity means lack of complexity," he explained to Hoving. "Just because you have a simple subject of a hill doesn't mean that it isn't complex as hell. It shouldn't show up too much if it is good. It should all be there but you should cover it up. Don't show every muscle of every body you are painting, emphasize just . . . enough. That's where the master comes in."

Indeed. And Calder—for all that his roots are in our time (through his training as a mechanical engineer, and the



influences of Miró and Mondrian), and for all his amazing versatility (he produced not only sculptures, drawings, paintings, lithographs, book illustrations, but jewelry, tapestries, hooked rugs, stage designs, kitchen utensils, porcelains, posters, and decorations for racing cars and airplanes)—would have agreed. Those seemingly “natural” mobiles never move accidentally; whether they are stirred by a breeze or given a shove by a child who just can’t resist trying them out, the changing patterns they make are always in perfect balance, controlled by the artist’s unseen hand. The embodiment of the machine aesthetic, a mobile can be, as Calder himself once remarked, “no more than a series of flat objects that move. To a few, though, it may be poetry.”

The last time I saw Sandy Calder, at the Whitney opening, the familiar tall figure in the wrinkled red shirt looked old and tired. Yet his eyes twinkled still, and his delight at seeing his work so beautifully displayed was obvious. The exhibition is a worthy tribute to this great artist—and it’s also lots of fun. □

SPORT

JEFFREY HART

Back to Nassau Hall

Football fans elsewhere tend to have a condescending attitude toward the game as played in the Ivy League, and from the standpoint of sheer athletic excellence perhaps they are right; but I have been going to the Dartmouth-Princeton game since I was about six years old and it has become a permanent part of my November mental landscape. This year I once again made the long trip down to Princeton from Hanover, N.H.

During the Thirties and Forties, my father, a fanatical Dartmouth alumnus, used to take us down to Princeton from New York for the game. The special train from Penn Station had its own distinctive atmosphere—uproarious, highly liquid, conspicuously affluent—and before you knew it the train pulled into Princeton Junction.

Those were the days of the single-wing offense, of course, and Princeton always seemed to operate out of that formation with special effectiveness.

The conventional view holds the single wing to be essentially a dullish, short-gain affair, but that is not the way Princeton played it. Instead, the single-wing was explosive, complex, even cerebral. I still recall vividly one great pre-war Princeton tailback, a dominating player named Dave Allardice, who could throw the longest and flattest passes I have ever seen. He must have had steel hawsers for arm muscles. The nearest approximation I can think of was Bob Waterfield. Since those distant days Dartmouth and Princeton teams have had their ups and downs, but a string of great players remains vivid in memory: Dick Kazmaier, Homer Smith, Royce Flippin, Cosmo Iacavazzi.

THE ONCE-GREAT tradition of Princeton football has now fallen on evil days. This year Dartmouth won 33 to 7, and though the Princeton students I talked with at parties after the game pretended to believe that it didn’t matter, they were not, I think, really convinced of that.

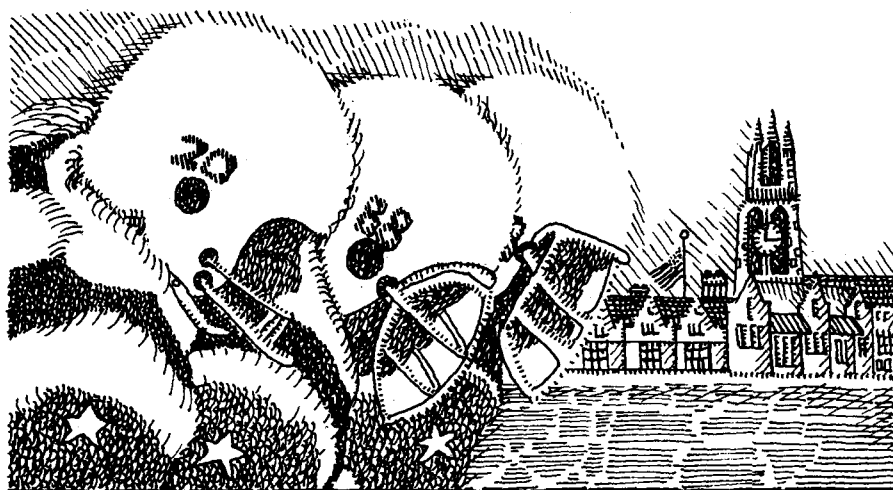
Ivy League football has the special quality it has because the players tend to be more normal members of the student body than at the great football factories. Ivy League players go through the normal admission process, live in the dormitories like other students, attend classes, and have to pass their courses. That means, when you also factor in the matter of coaching, that an Ivy League team tends to reflect something about the college it represents, about its quality and style as shown over a period of several years.

To field a consistently good football team under Ivy League conditions, a coach must be able to ask a great deal of his players both physically and men-

tally. If the coach is an extraordinary person, he can make such demands on his own authority, but it helps enormously if he can count on the identity of the college and its sense of tradition to back him up.

The mental demands made by the old, incredibly complex, and now abandoned Princeton single-wing offense were enormous. The permutations possible off the buck-lateral series would require a computer to calculate. To master those plays required an enormous investment in time and energy—hours and hours of drill; naturally, few sophomores broke into the lineup. One sensed, however, that those demands could be made because Princeton was Princeton, and not only the players themselves and the coach, but the entire institution—students, administrators, alumni, janitors—expected things to be done in proper form in Palmer Stadium. Imagine plays run with such effective blocking that the fullback could handle the ball with his back turned to the line of scrimmage! Even the Princeton uniforms, deliberately archaic, reinforced the assertion the entire performance was making.

AROUND 1960, Princeton underwent a peculiar identity crisis. This might be described in many ways. Princeton had always been the most Southern of Ivy League colleges, if not in geography (Penn is farther south), then at least spiritually. You always seemed to be meeting people from Virginia there. Moreover, with its clubs, its traditions and its characteristic style it was also in American terms at least, the most aristocratic of the Ivy League colleges. Scott Fitzgerald, who had an accurate sense of such things, prized Princeton for just those qualities.



Around 1960, to put it one way, the Southern influence at Princeton began to be displaced by the cultural influence of New York City, a process that must at least in part have resulted from conscious administrative design. This was felt politically, of course: once the most conservative of the Ivy League schools, Princeton quickly became perhaps the most radical. Thus, in a 1968 presidential poll among the faculty, Dick Gregory and Richard Nixon tied at around 7 per cent apiece. But the change was felt in other ways as well—most noticeably in a general slackness of manner and loss of pride. No doubt most of the student body remained outside this newer ambience, but a shift in even 20 per cent of the most visible and defining individuals can make an enormous difference. In retrospect, Steve Weed—of Patty Hearst fame—seems the representative Princeton graduate of the Sixties.

MORE THAN any other major university, with the possible exception of Berkeley, Princeton was hurt by the Sixties—and, of course, in the case of Berkeley there was less there to hurt. Recovery is likely to be slow, though there are signs that it has commenced.

Meanwhile, Columbia, for example, like Penn, has a different recovery problem: it must struggle endlessly with its urban circumstance. In the past, when Columbia has been successful, it has been by putting together a numerically small and finely tuned team with an outstanding quarterback, a doughty band prevailing over the unpropitious surroundings: subway rides, ancient wooden stadium, many commuter students, a campus cultural style more geared to Simone de Beauvoir than to halfbacks. Now, however, Columbia has a superb young coach named Bill Campbell, a former varsity player, who shows every sign of triumphing over Columbia's urban and cultural situation. And what a triumph that will be! Very significantly, Columbia this year was not primarily a passing team. Though Campbell did not have all that much material to work with, Columbia was nevertheless able to move the ball on the ground, and it came within a hair of upsetting championship-bound Brown on the last day of the season.

As I say, the reason Ivy League football is intellectually fascinating is that the teams are a sort of metaphor

for the schools. Harvard, under Joe Restic, has become one of the most inventive teams in the nation, doing more before the ball is snapped than most teams do afterward. Harvard's national identity, of course, is "intellectual"—but there is a will-to-power at Harvard too, and the team shows it. After all, Harvard hired Restic. □

CAMPUS

ALAN CRAWFORD

Leading Man

I spent a recent Tuesday evening—Election Night, no less—in the student union building at West Virginia University. It is not every day, after all, that one is able to gaze at the "leading figure in the most celebrated civil-liberties case in modern times."

That, anyway, is how our speaker was introduced, and given the hyperbolic tendency of college boys, it was, I suppose, an appropriate start. For our speaker was Harry Reems, who, the reader will recall, achieved his peculiar kind of notoriety by starring with Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat*. His part (to quote one of Reems's chief publicists, Nicholas Von Hoffman) was one of "gonadal simplicity." Now Mr. Reems, the reader will also recall, was convicted last year of "conspiracy to transport interstate obscene materials"—a preposterous charge indeed, since Reems had nothing to do with the film's promotion and distribution and in fact received nothing beyond his original acting fee of \$100, paid upon completion of filming.

It was on these grounds that the lecture-series committee at WVU chose to sponsor the young actor's address to the assembled celebrants of free speech. Some 120 of them showed up, which suggests that if ever there were a case on which to attack the imposition of mandatory student-activity fees (YAFniks, where are you?), this was it.

Mr. Reems, you see, was paid \$1,000 plus expenses to lecture the students of WVU, every dime of it taken directly out of student-activity fees, which are routinely collected from each student's tuition money as a condition of registration. No provision exists for not paying the fee, not even a refund

or negative checkoff. As a result, students find themselves subsidizing all sorts of things. Like Harry Reems.

It was not as if Reems were a hot item on campus. Had his appearance not been underwritten by student fees, each of the 120 students who did attend would have had to fork over eight bucks. For that, they could sit through *Deep Throat* twice, if they could sit through it once.

Assured of \$1,000 for his two cents' worth, Reems proceeded to sing all the old standards of the campus lecture circuit: that the prime mover behind his harassment by the Feds was not District Attorney Larry Parrish and the Memphis smuthounds but "Nixon," that his plight is not unlike that of those who were blacklisted during McCarthy's witchhunts, that the effect of busting Harry Reems for obscenity would be to make it possible for the Federal Government's goons to get at anyone who dissents, that soon they would be hauling Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson into court.

And, true to form, Reems, who made ten times speaking at WVU what he did performing in *Deep Throat*, concluded with an offertory, appealing to worshippers at the altar of absolute free speech to send their nickels and dimes to his legal defense fund.

YET THROUGH it all, no one on campus made a peep. Harry Reems came and went, and there was not a single voice raised in protest, not an angry letter to the editor, not a crusade by a single student group. True, it was Election Day. But it's hard to believe that the students were at the polls—not at 8:30 P.M.—or even watching the returns on TV, since not a thing, at that early hour, had yet transpired.

But then the students are said to be apathetic these days. Not given to political tugs-of-war, they mostly make out and cram for finals. That is the conventional wisdom, and perhaps it is true. Soap operas and comic books, after all, are classroom fare nowadays, and the kids are not the least moved to see how their money is spent. Why should they riot at being lectured on the First Amendment by porn stars? □

Mr. Crawford, formerly a speechwriter for Senator Buckley, is Associate Editor of the Morgantown (W.Va.) Dominion-Post.

BOOKS

Corruption by Decency

R. EMMETT TYRRELL JR.

"Liberalism," a prominent American historian is given to proclaiming, "is the institutionalization of decency." This estimate I lay before you with my heart full of good will and sweetness. I am as free of disdain and bile as a newborn babe, and quote the above solely because it so neatly sums up the creed of millions of feverishly busy Americanos drawn from the higher orders. Only a low fellow would scoff at such a noble devotion. Yet I suspect that a slavish pursuit of decency carries with it the same perils that attend the pursuit of Capitol Hill cuties, or any other of life's finer things. Soon or late the pursuer is corrupted by the things he pursues so ardently. The case of Hubert Horatio Humphrey—paradigmatic liberal and paradigmatic modern pol—is wondrously illuminating.

His initial stint on behalf of his fellow man was undertaken during the 1930s from behind the counter of the Humphrey Drug Company. These were relatively quiet years for Mr. Humphrey. He did venture forth to study at the Denver College of Pharmacy and later at the University of Minnesota, but for the most part he remained quiescent for a full thirty years. Then this late bloomer bloomed, and with a yelp.

I lay the whole clamorous transformation to his brush with higher education. Intellection fetched him, and, as with so many like him, it transformed him into a life-long denizen of the public sector. He earned an MA at Louisiana State University, and taught and studied further at the University of Minnesota. The longer he stewed in book-learning the more volatile his ingredients became. Suddenly around 1941 he erupted in a frenzy of energy the like of which has rarely been witnessed in this splendid Republic, or any other for that matter.

By 1945 the sunny pharmacist from

Huron, South Dakota had served in over half a dozen government bureaucracies, including the Works Projects Administration and the War Manpower Commission. He united the Democratic and Farm-Labor parties in Minnesota, became mayor of Minneapolis, and, while moonlighting amongst the decent, co-founded Americans for Democratic Action. By 1948 Hurricane Hubert was roaring into Washington, a *bona fide*

The Education of a Public Man

By Hubert H. Humphrey

Doubleday, 495 pp., \$12.50

U.S. senator, a colossus who for 28 years did not cease in his locutions or his frantic schemes for the advancement of decency. Four times he lunged for the Presidency. Twice he stalked the Vice Presidency. He served as Vice President from 1964 to 1968, won the 1968 Democratic presidential nomination, took two years off to teach, and in 1970 again entered the Senate. In all these years he distinguished himself as the most ebullient, garrulous, and energetic defender of decency ever hatched. He championed many good causes, some actually worthwhile; but, from the day he left the Humphrey Drug Company, never again has he labored in private enterprise, a condition frequently essential to the pursuit of decency.

The degree to which he has devoted his life to decency and the degree to which it has contaminated him can best be assayed from reading *The Education of a Public Man*, a memoir that is superficial, contradictory, relentlessly partisan, ill-informed, and, in its analy-

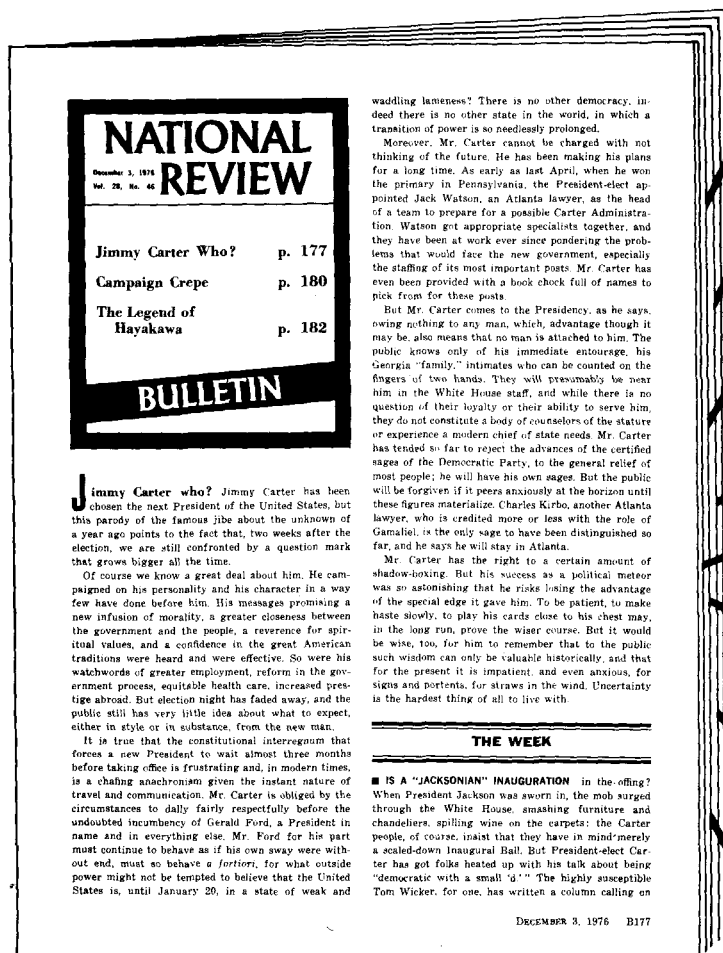
Forrest McDonald is the author of *We the People* and numerous other books. He is a professor of history at the University of Alabama. . . . **J. P. McFadden** is NR's Associate Publisher, and Editor of *The Human Life Review*. . . . **Adam Meyerson** is Managing Editor, and **R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.** Editor in Chief, of *The Alternative*, a neo-reactionary magazine.



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The BULLETIN is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published. Regular rate: \$14.00 per year, available by subscription only.

sis of contemporary conditions, appallingly flyblown. From it Hubert emerges as a thoroughly modern pol, the more so because he is a proponent of the kind of liberalism that took root in the 1930s, reached full bloom in the 1960s, and now holds out tenaciously, absurdly, and sclerotically against a changing climate. What is more, his commitment to politicking renders him an incessant self-promoter incapable of deliberation. Doubtless he once possessed a keen intellect and a high-grade sensibility, but any grown man who finds meaning in flummeries about "the politics of joy" must have run intellectually aground years ago. As to his pretense to liberality, consider the fact that in 495 pages he ascribes not one noble motive or admirable value to a political opponent. Such is the toll that decency has taken of this public man.

Apparently Hubert dragged himself through the 1960s always smiling on the outside, often sniffing on the inside, and never learning anything from the travail. At least *The Education* shows little sign of it. The leftists who heaved boluses of nitrogenous material at him and favored him with other discourtesies were poisoned by hate, he notifies us. Yet where they came from, why they acted so shockingly, and what could or should have been done with them—this never sparks his interest. It will relieve many of his readers to hear that the demonstrators numbered "only a few," but I wonder if even the decency cabal still swallows the tosh about how the cops instigated the violence in Chicago in 1968. Hubert believes it, despite cynical confessions later made by radicals like Jerry Rubin, and he believes much more.

HE BELIEVES that nothing critical has ever been written about Great Society programs, and that there exists no controversy over the usefulness of vast collectivist programs to solve social problems. At least he never indicates that he has heard of such rumblings, and he never reveals any disposition to discuss these programs in a critical spirit. His treatment of Model Cities is instructive. Christopher DeMuth, a former White House staffer with considerable experience in urban studies, has written that Model Cities "was the most unequivocal failure of all the 'Great Society' programs." A critical literature about the program continues to grow; it already includes two scholarly studies, *The Politics of Neglect* and *Between the Idea and the Reality*.

Yet Hubert proudly steps forward, acknowledges the large role he played in the passage of the legislation, swats at those who doubted, and ends full of hosannas, leaving his readers to believe Model Cities the most superb legislative achievement since the Bill of Rights. That the program became an enormous botch, costing some \$3 billion, causing grave confusion at all levels of government, and eventually being sepulchered in special revenue-sharing grants, Hubert never mentions. The whole thing is treated as unassailable, and herein lies another example of the corruption of decency.

However, the most flagrant examples of decency's corruptive force are not Hubert's failures to speak forthrightly or thoughtfully about his experience in government, but his failures to extend a serving of decency to those who disagreed with him, especially those to his right. As with all devotees of decency, Mr. Humphrey talks constantly about compassion, candor, largeness of spirit, and so forth; yet when he turns to the loyal opposition, apparently Mr. Humphrey does not believe in equal protection of the platitude.



Certainly there is little compassion in a notation he made after a telephone conversation with Richard Nixon the day after the 1968 election: "He's gracious. That's about it. To lose to Nixon. Ye gods! No warmth, no strength, no emotion, no spirit. No heart. Politics of the computer." Upon further meditation there is not much intelligence here either. Can a man without warmth or heart or spirit be gracious? And how essential to statecraft is "emotion"? For that matter, all these qualities Hubert yearns for in a President are not much different from the qualities needed to win races at Churchill Downs or to become a full-blown neurotic. I can make no sense of such vaporings.

Waspish recollections apparently now fill his mind. The book abounds with them, right up to the final page when he returns to the hellish Nixon for a final judgment, a judgment that is so sophisticated and unkind that my guardian angel nudges me to quote it in full:

When the transcripts of the White House tapes were released, I was ap-

palled at their emptiness, their lack of concern with public policy, their casual corruption of the democratic ideal. I have talked with four Presidents during my career in Washington and to the people around them. I was not close enough to Eisenhower to know his private language, but Presidents Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson were as capable of similar crudities of language as Nixon. But all of them loved their country; their failures, ineptitudes, fallibilities were mitigated by a feeling for what America is all about. That love shone through; their concern for improving the condition of our people, however they conceived it, was real.

Poor Nixon, he is to be left a man without a country. There is a prodigious indulgence, an awful deception going on here. There is a meanness that is really rather stunning, coming from a man who makes such claims to decency and all the virtues attendant on it.

Let me not be misread. I believe that Hubert Humphrey was once, and in a stunted way still is, an intelligent, conscientious man whose regard for decency could edify us all. His courageous battle against Communism in the late Forties and his life-long devotion to civil rights have proved that. There is one chapter in this book worth reading: the chapter on the 1964 Civil Rights Act. But even here, in his finest hour, he shows no magnanimity and little candor. Coolness toward civil rights from labor is excusable because labor "had been concerned with other questions: housing, education, economics, medical care." But a similar coolness when spied in "the business community" is rebuked a paragraph later for "its old, simplistic rhetoric about the sanctity of 'property rights' as opposed to human rights." Has Mr. Humphrey forgotten the bigotry of the construction unions? Is he capable of remembering only the bigotry of businesses? A life devoted to the institutionalization of decency will have that sad effect on a man.

Mr. Humphrey set out to be a public man some 36 years ago; he had two marks against him, modern politics and the decency urge. Early in his career something about him moved the great political scientist, Charles Hyneman, to advise that he make the Senate his home, even as Calhoun and Webster had done before him. Unfortunately he was too much the modern pol and the virtuous ideologue to do that. He had little time and eventually little disposition for thought. How far short of the

Senate's great men he fell can be seen in *The Education of a Public Man*, a book that took him some seven years to finish. Although it was originally undertaken to instruct future generations, my guess is that it eventually was rushed to the printer in the hope that it would provide support for the presidential campaign this eternal pol expected to be waging right up to November 2, 1976.

It is sad that Hubert Humphrey's memoir is so poorly done and that the modern political career has to be so shabby, but sadder still are the depredations decency has committed upon liberalism. America is left with a liberalism that is no longer liberal and with liberal politicians who have great difficulty being decent. □

Small Is Beautiful

By E. F. Schumacher

Harper & Row, 320 pp., \$8.95

EVEN CONSERVATIVE

ADAM MEYERSON

Is it possible that the book Jerry Brown swears by isn't all that bad? No one paid much attention to *Small Is Beautiful* when it first appeared in paperback three years ago. Now that Harper & Row is putting out a hardcover edition, however, I think it is worth looking at the book in some detail, for it has become a minor cultural phenomenon: a primer for the tonier echelons of the counterculture, conspicuously adorning trendy coffee tables and working its way into college syllabi. As one might expect from its voguishness, it is neither sophisticated nor imaginative. But the astonishing thing is that in its simplistic way the book is really rather sensible.

To be sure, it has its share of crackpot ideas. The reader might profitably skip the last two chapters, in which Schumacher puts forth a silly and poorly argued proposal for partial public ownership of corporations. It is also best to pass over Schumacher's unthinking screed against nuclear energy, for, though his fears of nuclear power are not altogether unjustified, he makes no attempt to weigh its costs and benefits, or to compare its risks with those of the sources of energy he prefers, such as coal. On the contrary, one suspects a self-serving bias in his anti-nuclear vitriol: Schumacher was for twenty years

planning director of the British National Coal Board, yet he does not mention the threats to health and the environment posed by increased reliance on coal, threats which many scientists and environmentalists regard as more serious than those from nuclear energy.

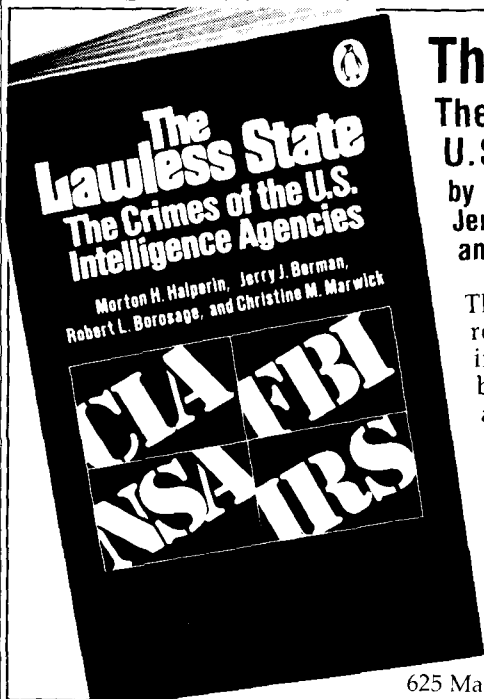
PUT ASIDE these sections, however, and you will find *Small Is Beautiful* to be eminently reasonable and even conservative. Schumacher may quote Gandhi and appeal to Buddhist principles more than ethnocentric Westerners will care for, but he also quotes Etienne Gilson and papal encyclicals, and his sensibilities are fundamentally those of an old-fashioned Christian moralist dissatisfied with the materialistic preoccupations of modern civilization. He reminds one of Edmund Burke in his reverence for the earth and in his dismay at the cavalier way we despoil it for the sake of a quick profit. He harks back to Thomas Carlyle in his appreciation of the sanctity of work, no matter how menial or poorly paid. He echoes Ruskin in his critique of industrial society with its footloose mobility and its suppression of craftsmanship and spiritual values. And he articulates a number of familiar conservative themes—the advantages of decentralized power, the need to preserve resources for the future, and the overriding importance of strength of character and human dignity.

Antagonistic as he often is to industry and technology, Schumacher is no Luddite. Both the title of the book and

Theodore Roszak's introduction are a little misleading in this regard, for they imply an anarchistic impulse to break down large organizations and curtail economic growth. Actually Schumacher is more thoughtful. Though his ideas on organizational size are remarkably shallow, he at least recognizes the need to have both large and small organizations, and in particular "to achieve smallness *within* large organizations." (Many of Schumacher's countercultural readers are dismayed to find him praising the structure of General Motors, which he admires for combining the efficiency of bigness with the freedom and flexibility of small quasi-autonomous divisions.) Still, one of Schumacher's major aims is to inveigh against the "idolatry of giantism"—having big cities, big companies, and big countries just for the sake of bigness. In so doing, he makes two valuable contributions.

The first is his distinction between renewable and non-renewable resources. Some resources can be used over and over again: the soil, if properly cultivated, can bear fruit forever; many metals can be reprocessed and recycled, though not indefinitely. But some of our most fundamental resources—including our present sources of energy—are quickly running out; and Schumacher argues cogently that to the extent our economy depends on non-renewable resources, we must, for the sake of future generations, place voluntary limits on our economic growth.

Of course, just as it is best to ignore



The Lawless State

The Crimes of the U.S. Intelligence Agencies

by Morton H. Halperin,
Jerry J. Berman, Robert L. Borosage,
and Christine M. Marwick

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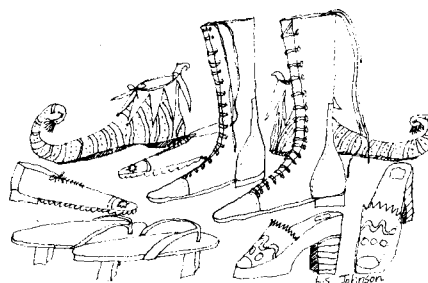
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his section on nuclear energy, so it is best not to take Schumacher's every word on resources. In condemning the industrial world, and specifically the United States, for consuming much more than our fair share of energy, he forgets that we *produce* much more than our share as well—and that our high consumption has encouraged better exploration and production methods, which have benefited the whole world. Schumacher would deny that we produce energy at all; rather, he says, we are living off the “natural capital” of fossil fuels we did not make. Here too he forgets that oil and coal were useless until industrial society gave them value and discovered how to find and extract them. Schumacher is also partly mistaken in his attack on the marketplace: isn't it shameful, he asks, that we should equate a dollar's worth of valuable energy with a dollar's worth of any other product? He forgets that a product's value—including, to some degree, its long-term value—is already reflected in its price. For all his oversights, however, Schumacher's distinction is vital (although by no means original): we must guard our non-renewable resources as precious treasures, and we must shift the basis of our economy to renewable resources if we wish to sustain our standard of living.

SCHUMACHER's second contribution is his discussion of Third World development, which is informed by a refreshingly old-fashioned view of poverty. Conventional wisdom tends to blame Third World poverty on Western exploitation and a failure of Western governments to grant enough foreign aid. Not Schumacher. “The primary causes of extreme poverty,” he writes, “are immaterial. They lie in certain deficiencies in education, organization, and discipline.” Therefore, he argues, showering money on the problem won't solve it; the task is rather to provide work opportunities, however menial, that will encourage the habits and skills which alone will lead to development. And here is where Schumacher's critique of “giantism” is most enlightening. So long as the developing countries concentrate on showplace technology—on building steel mills and modern automobile plants and so on—they will be unable to advance more than a small sector of their populations. It is foolish, he contends, to expect that poverty and backwardness can be eliminated all at once;

development takes patience and hard work, and it would be much better to concentrate on what he calls “intermediate technology”—small-scale industries in rural areas with tools and machines simple enough for unskilled villagers to work with and learn from.

The domestic implications of Schumacher's argument are startling, for, if the causes of Third World poverty are to be found in education, organization, and discipline, so perhaps are the causes of domestic poverty. Indeed, if Schumacher's admirers really read



Small Is Beautiful, one wonders whether they will not look more kindly on people like Edward Banfield, whose critique of the assumptions behind Great Society programs sounds much like Schumacher's critique of giantism in foreign aid. It would be better, of course, if readers were flocking to Banfield directly, or to Burke or Coleridge or any number of other social philosophers more profound than Schumacher. But conservatives should rejoice that *Small Is Beautiful* is becoming so popular; however diluted its message, in many ways it is our own. □

In Necessity and Sorrow: Life and Death in an Abortion Hospital

By Magda Denes

Basic Books, 247 pp., \$10

GUILT ALL AROUND

J. P. McFADDEN

The dustjacket quotes Lucy Freeman: “. . . should be read by both those in favor of abortion and those who oppose it.” The author assures us: “I wish . . . to be taken for what I am. A pro-abortionist with a bad secular conscience.” I quote these statements right up front because, should I succeed here in giving you any idea of what's actu-

ally in this book, you may not believe either one.

Magda Denes is a clinical psychologist and practicing psychoanalyst, “an exceptionally privileged woman of 37,” as she describes herself. She has two sons. A few years ago, she had an abortion, but only on the third try. She fled the hospital twice. She assures us that her husband “permitted the final choice to rest in my hands,” although the one time he appears in the book, in the Prologue, he is screaming at her for wanting to run away the second time (“What the hell are you thinking about—I want to know what has changed since yesterday or this morning”). Two weeks after actually going through with it, she's back at the abortion hospital, situated on a lovely, tree-lined street on Manhattan's chic Upper East Side, to talk with everybody: doctors, nurses, patients, boyfriends, everybody. These interviews, supposedly transcribed directly from the tapes (and most of them sound as if they were), make up almost two-thirds of the book; the rest is commentary by Dr. Denes, plus a few obligatory sex interviews insisted on, I suspect, by her editor.

Remember, now, the author is *pro*-abortion, and has only a bad *secular* conscience about it; hence the book's title. You must keep reminding yourself of that as you go along. Otherwise you quickly forget it and/or won't be easily convinced when Dr. Denes stops, as she does periodically, to remind you how necessary it all is. For it becomes clear just a few pages into the book that the author's real theme here—obsessive and all-pervading—is guilt. Guilt all around, guilt to the right of her, guilt to the left of her, volleys and thunders. God, it's awful. Everybody's guilty. Everybody has a compulsion to talk about his own guilt, and other people's guilt. And the vast majority of it is old-fashioned personal guilt—very little, really, about society's guilt, or about “the poor.” There is a lot about real or possible damage to the “mothers” (*why* do they call them that?): she certainly makes this “simple” operation sound scary as hell. But there is surprisingly little about the *victims*, the thousands upon thousands (22,000, she tells us, in this one hospital in one year) of “fetuses” who are “expelled,” occasionally alive, and, before being burned, are “carefully examined for abnormalities.”

But when the fetus does break through—most often in Dr. Denes' commentaries, not in the interviews—it almost always creates a crisis the reader can *feel*. One example should suffice. The author goes into the room where the abortuses are kept until, at the end of the long day's work, they are gathered into plastic bags and taken "by special messenger," in a city taxi, to a "sister" hospital that enjoys the use of an incinerator. She steadies herself in "this garbage-can-filled graveyard" until she can "look inside the bucket in front of me. There is a small naked person in there floating in a bloody liquid . . ." She has to call the nurse to put the lid back on. As I say, that should be enough for most people. But the book is full of this kind of thing. Guilt and gore, in *saecula saeculorum*. Sometimes you wonder how she can go on. Indeed, she tells us, she had to take frequent breaks, once for several months, in her interviewing. But she sticks to it, no more able to stop than to exorcise herself. From time to time she pauses to remind the reader, and herself, that it's really all good clean scientific research she's engaged in, as necessary and socially justified as those abortions.

But a few pages on she's shocking us again: "In my interviews . . . the word 'murder' surfaces again and again, and it sticks on the tongue like a searing coal of fire that one knows will do further damage whether it is swallowed or spat out." Then up to the "Saline Floor" where it's horrible because the babies are so big and real, and so hideously tortured and burned by salt solutions. Then down to the "D&C Floor" where it's "better"—the babies are smaller, but their tiny, "perfectly formed" limbs and heads come spinning out of the suction tube, along with so much blood that even the doctors, fast-working, efficient professionals to a man, have trouble carrying on.

So do I, and so will you, should you be so rash as to read this one. I doubt that even one in a hundred will finish it; Christ, I wish I hadn't. But Dr. Denes is indomitable. Oh, she's nauseated, gets sick, sometimes needs to hang onto tables and collapse against walls, but, as she says, "A death factory is the same anywhere . . ."

No doubt about it, this is the book for anyone who "cares" about the issue. If you condemn abortion, here's a chance to sacrifice for the cause.→

Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

IF THE CIVIL libertarians now busily tearing down the nation's internal-security system could take a breather, they might spend a couple of useful hours immersed in Larry Grathwohl's disturbing memoir of subversion.

Grathwohl is a youthful veteran of Vietnam who tunneled his way into the Weather Underground, bomb-toting vestige of Students for a Democratic Society. Working as an informant for the FBI, he got a close look at such New Left celebrities as Mark Rudd and Bernardine Dohrn, and became thoroughly steeped in the heady doctrines of radical terror. His story, *Bringing Down America* (Arlington House, \$7.95), makes fascinating if frightening reading.

Among other things, Grathwohl discovered that the Weatherpeople are consistent devotees of Mao, Che, and other revolutionary Marxists; as coldly committed to violence as a political tactic as a Richard Nixon or a Jimmy Carter is to other-handed trimming. From the revolutionary standpoint, violence is simply the way you get results. It works.

That all of this is more than theory is attested by Grathwohl's reminiscences on the "Days of Rage" observance in Chicago, the pre-planned violence of the 1969 "moratorium" marches, attempted mayhem in various American cities, and the bombing of the U.S. Capitol. In tempo with these efforts, Grathwohl notes, the number of bombings in the nation has soared to more than two thousand annually.

The same mentality, in slightly different modulation, appears in a chilling volume called *The Life and Death of the SLA* (Ballantine, \$1.95), by Les Payne, Tim Findley, and Carolyn Craven. These authors recount the macabre growth of the Marxist group that shot its way into the headlines with the murder of a black school official, the kidnapping of Patty Hearst, a series of holdups, and a final deadly gunfight with the Los Angeles police.

The transition from Weather Underground to SLA is slight indeed. Here we encounter the same fanatic, half-baked Marxism, the same hatred of alleged capitalist oppressors and "pig" police, the same adherence to the doctrines of Mao, Che, DeBray, and Mari ghella. The difference appears to be that the Weather Underground was (is?) relatively large and well-organized, while the SLA was essentially a freelance operation involving a dozen people at the most.

Where do such monstrous creatures come from? Francis Watson's study of the problem, *Political Terrorism* (Luce, \$10), leaves little room for doubt: it is we who have created the Weatherpeople and SLA adherents among us. Their violent forays are a logical carrying-out of revolutionary doctrine, and that doctrine in turn is clearly the end-product of fashionable teachings on the nation's campuses.

IT IS NOTEWORTHY, indeed, that both these movements were so heavily staffed with products of our colleges and universities, and that the revolutionary notions they espoused were things they had picked up on campus. The SLA, it is true, was headed by a much-paroled ex-convict without a college education, but his own erratic Marxism, along with his band of followers, was largely derivative from Berkeley. Who says the liberal arts can't be intensely relevant?

Watson rehearses all this and more in his careful morphology of terror, relating occurrences in the United States to the rising tide of violence in Latin America, Europe, and the Middle East. The common theme, he notes, is a visceral hatred of the free society, nourished in Marxist diatribe and spread around the globe through Marxist manuals of how-to-do-it mayhem. If our civil libertarians could be persuaded to read these books, they would run, not walk, to restore the House Committee on Internal Security to all its former glory. □

If you defend abortion, here's your big test. Anybody whose convictions survive the disemboweling they get here wins. I began this book on a Saturday night and finished it, in horror, Sunday night, just in time to turn on the TV, looking for Masterpiece Theatre and escape. But the show was a special hour-long documentary of the Holocaust, the real Nazi footage—like Dr. Denes, I guess they just couldn't resist recording it all. And she's right, all death factories are the same; and I remembered Solzhenitsyn's cry that it's not enough to shut down the death camps: those who run them must pay.

□

The Black Family in Slavery & Freedom, 1750-1925

By Herbert G. Gutman

Pantheon, 664 pp., \$15.95

ANOTHER HONKY SAGE

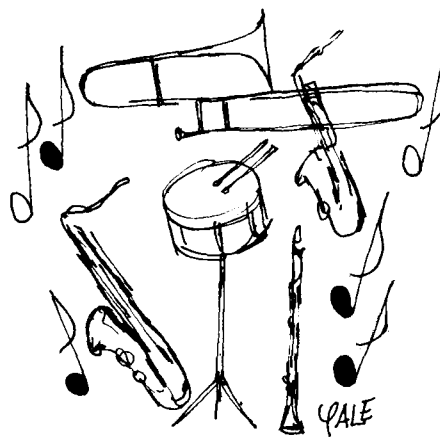
FORREST McDONALD

At last we have the inside scoop on what slavery was really like—or perhaps I should say, once again we have the scoop, thanks to yet another definitive work on the subject by yet another honky historian. Repeatedly, during the last twenty years, books on slavery by Northern whites have won critical huzzahs and prizes in history, only to be rendered obsolete by those that followed. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are making no progress. For example, it used to be fashionable, nay required, that such books apologize for the social problems of contemporary blacks by dwelling upon the dehumanizing effect that slavery had upon their ancestors. Then, two years ago, the cliometricians Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman made a great breakthrough with their blockbusting *Time on the Cross*, which argued persuasively (because it cowed its critics with an incomprehensible array of mathematical formulae) that slavery wasn't all *that* bad and, indeed, suggested that it was a heckuva swell way to run a farm. Now, in a sure-fire prize-winner, Herbert Gutman has taken on a second sacred cow: the conventional notion, associated with but by no means original to Daniel P. Moynihan's *The Negro Family*, that the Afro-American

sense of family has traditionally been weak and mother-centered.

Actually, in a muddled sort of way, Gutman has written two books in one. The first is his announced thesis: that blacks developed a family pattern which, if unstable because of the ever-present possibility that it would be disrupted, nonetheless engendered strong ties of kinship and was patrifocal, not matrifocal. In support of this thesis he marshals an interesting assortment of facts (if they be facts) about black sexual and familial practices.

The pattern, according to Gutman, was roughly as follows. Premarital sex was normal, but when a girl became pregnant (usually around 18 or 19), she was obliged to find a husband, and was subjected to shame or ridicule until she succeeded in doing so. When girls did get married (usually at some point between conception of the first child and delivery of the second), they mated exogamously and for life—unless marriage partners were separated by sale, which broke up about one marriage in



six. Though such "marriages" rarely had any standing in law, their moral force is attested to by the fact that, after emancipation, the overwhelming majority of ex-slave couples voluntarily obtained legal sanction for their marriages. Moreover, that slave families were male-centered, even though descent was matrilineal and many husbands lived on different plantations from their wives, is substantiated by two curious features of the slaves' naming practices. Slave parents regularly named male children after their fathers and other male kin, but never named daughters after their mothers; and, despite what many slave-owners believed, slaves normally (though secretly) had a surname, a different one from that

of their current owner—usually that of the original owner of their male forebears.

In arguing that blacks developed a strong sense of family, Gutman is plausible; in arguing that the family was patrifocal, he is rather less so. But there is the rub: his case rests not upon evidence but upon the persuasiveness of his argument. His data are drawn mainly from census materials, Freedmen's Bureau records, the birth registers of a half-dozen admittedly atypical plantations, and a few direct documents, including the expressed sentiments of some slaves and ex-slaves. Such sources are notoriously unreliable and also extraordinarily susceptible to conflicting interpretations. For instance, Gutman reproduces an 1865 petition in which Georgia freedmen protested a proposed contract labor arrangement on the ground that it failed to provide for the support of "our old and infirm Mothers and Fathers and our children." He treats this as evidence of a sense of family obligation, but it can also be regarded as the opposite, namely as evidence that able-bodied blacks expected someone else to assume the responsibility for supporting their kin. Similarly, though male-centered naming practices can be viewed as evidence of male-dominated families, they can also be regarded as pathetic symbolic efforts by male slaves to hang onto some shred of pride in a world that had deprived them of their masculinity.

THE SECOND book-within-a-book is theoretical. Since the time of U. B. Phillips, Gutman points out, the study of slavery has been improperly focused on the way slaves were treated by their owners, as if that were the sole determinant of slave behavior. The plantation was not a concentration camp, it was a system of social organization that defined the perimeters of possible behavior, and only very broadly. Within its general framework, blacks could and did develop an adaptive subculture which was necessarily based upon interaction between a) the cultural heritage they brought with them from Africa and b) the mores of the dominant American society of which they formed a part, that of their white owners. Such a model is hard-nosed commonsensical, and anthropologically sound. Unfortunately, though positing it, Gutman neither holds to it nor seems aware of its implications, with

the result that his mass of information about the black family is undigested and indigestible.

To understand the process by which Africans were encultured in America—which is, after all, what this book and the whole argument are about—we need to learn a great deal in two areas in which we currently know far too little. First we must learn, tribe by tribe, which blacks came to America, and what the behavioral patterns of those tribes were; for, culturally speaking, the terms “black” and “African” are so general as to be meaningless. It may or may not be possible for us to come by the necessary information, and I doubt whether scholars in the field have the patience to uncover it; and yet without it both study and speculation about heritage are futile. Secondly, and by far more importantly, we must study the ethnic and cultural heritage of Southern whites, for black history outside the context of white history is history in no context at all.

Of course, the study of white people, and especially the study of non-minority, non-impooverished, non-presidential Southern whites, is such a bizarre idea that merely to suggest it is to commit a social *faux pas* of Butzian proportions.

I am, nonetheless, prepared to hazard a radical proposal. Let us have a moratorium on all books about the black experience in America until we have some notion of whom and what we are talking about. I know this is a lot to ask, but we could minimize the trauma by awarding federally subsidized prizes to people who abstain from writing books on the subject. □



FICTION

Chilly Scenes of Winter

By Ann Beattie

Doubleday, 280 pp., \$7.95

BARIUM ENEMA

D. KEITH MANO

Chilly Scenes of Winter is a most unmemorable book. Not without wit; not shabbily written; not at all displeasing. Just what I said: unmemorable. Three

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: Eric Sevaireid, whose autobiography was reissued earlier this year, will shortly be publishing his *Conversations with Eric Sevaireid: Interviews with Notable Americans* (Public Affairs Press, \$6.50). . . . Stuart Berg Flexner is the author of *I Hear America Talking: An Illustrated Treasury of American Words and Phrases* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$16.50 to Dec. 31; \$18.95 thereafter), which is a popularized, updated treatment of the sort of material covered by H. L. Mencken in *The American Language*. . . . George B. Kistiakowsky's *A Scientist at the White House: The Private Diary of President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology* (Harvard, \$15) is rather dryly written but withal contains some very interesting stuff. . . . In *The End of Exurbia: Who Are All These People and Why Do They Want to Ruin Our Town?* (Stein and Day, \$10), John J. Tarrant argues that people who dwell in ritzy suburbs will protect their holdings with their lives, which they have forfeited to the huge corporations that made them wealthy. The author appears satisfied with an exurban prognosis that

cannot be pleasing to his rich subjects.

■ SOME JANUARY BOOKS: Five autobiographical fragments by Virginia Woolf appear in *Moments of Being: Unpublished Autobiographical Writings* (Harcourt, Brace, \$8.95), edited by Jeanne Schulkind. . . . Oriana Fallaci, the Italian journalist best known for her interviews with the famous, carries on a monologue directed to her unborn child in *Letter to a Child Never Born* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95). . . . In *Of Pure Blood* (McGraw-Hill, \$10), Clarissa Henry and Marc Hillel investigate the *Lebensborn* clinics in which the Nazis attempted to breed supermen from Aryan-looking children kidnapped all over Europe. . . . *Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies: Terror and Terrorism in Our Time* (Norton, \$9.95), by Frederick J. Hacker, examines the psychology of terrorism, including that which wrung a conversion out of Patty Hearst. . . . Herbert Ruhm has edited a volume called *The Hardboiled Detective: Stories from Black Mask Magazine, 1920-1951* (Random House/Vintage, \$2.45). The *Black Mask* was a pulp magazine edited for a time by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan in order to raise money to keep *The Smart Set* alive for the edification of “fat women with diabetes.”

months from now I'll notice its grey spine, so much caulking between two other novels in my bookcase, and I'll wonder where it came from. Imagine: there are novelists—Ann Beattie isn't alone—who would shell out good time writing a book that has less life expectancy than mesotrons have. Fiction is meant, I once thought, to surprise with surprising style, to be new, to select astonishing events from life for examination. Yet Ann Beattie seems intelligent; she has talent enough. She must have *wanted* to produce a novel that, like barium enemas, would pass through without assimilation or effect.

Ann Beattie must be the life of parties: she's great at small talk. This, by the way, is no cheap trick. Take your tape recorder and eavesdrop, oh, on the jolly banter of two young males. Then transcribe verbatim: double-spaced, the dialogue will sound arch and overjocular. Yet Beattie accomplishes it. Maybe because her people, you feel, are forever talking with their mouths full. Never has one book contained so many meals. Meals eaten not out of hunger, but because eating is the one vital event in any given day. That and sleeping and vapid government jobs and sexual affiliations so transient they

rank with a quart of chop suey to go. Charles, the protagonist, is dull. He says so. He will hope to uncouple Laura from her husband because Jim is just about as dull. Laura has been distinguished for us: she can make a special orange soufflé. “He wants to think of it as magic.” The soufflé, that is. This, then, has to be Ann Beattie's purpose: to show how young folk, post the exuberant 1960s, crab-shuffle through life. Rather like watching Spassky play for a drawn game—sharp moves, here and there, but ultimately riskless, without artistic nerve.

ANN BEATTIE has two quite separable styles. One is declarative, abecedarian. “There are graffiti on the benches. There are no drinking fountains. A dolphin that gurgles water in the summer has its mouth open to the cold wind.” Notes, no more than that, for her prop man. Place and thing are announced as they might be announced in the stage-set indications that go with a one-act play. Beattie does register surface items of American life—junk mail, advertising, pop music—registers them well, but then any novelist who can't manage such simple noticing ought to
(Continues on page 1421)

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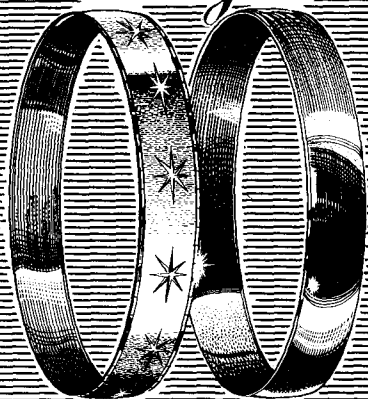
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MANO

(Continued from page 1419)

try social work or pottery instead. She will avoid contractions. "It is a clear plastic cylinder with marbles inside." There is, believe me or not, a significant difference between that sentence and "It's a clear plastic cylinder with marbles inside." The former sentence has no human voice, unless you mean it is, which Ann Beattie doesn't. This kind of formal, cautious language—the outmoded legacy of *In Our Time*—has become what it was not for Hemingway in his time: a safety-first way to write.

The other style is modified stream-of-consciousness: Charles's mind free-associating. Funny enough, yes, but the humor can be toe-tagged with a single characteristic word. That word is "always." Beattie has used the delivery of stand-up comedians. You know how their jokes begin: "My wife always . . . There was this rabbi who always . . ." Caricatures, the staple of comedy, do not (cannot) change: they possess certain attributes that will *always* or (just as often) *never* apply. "Charles always has a moment of apprehension at the check-out counter, even though he has money." "Charles [won't wear ski masks because he] always thinks he's a bank robber who will be caught when he wears his face mask."

This catalogue of invariables will dress Charles in pleasant and amusing whimsy. The character, big shrug, is fated: always. But Ann Beattie has gone to the "always" joke formula no fewer than 16 times in her first fifty pages (of which 25 are dialogue). When you add up variations—"everything," "all," "it never failed"—any reader with an un-metallic ear must suspect that Ann Beattie has somewhat limited range, to be charitable about it. In effect you get the same one-liners, the same comic attack, over and over again. This is her first novel; she may not have heard herself. I tend to fault the editing here.

Charles will get his just dessert: Laura's orange soufflé. Just, because it seems a frivolous thing to found permanent relationships on. Marital disaster must be expected. Or must it? This is, after all, a "dull" character with paradoxically undull, charming streams of consciousness. Inconsistent, that. As for Laura, she

She

Ah.

Laura? Wait.

What'd you say the title—

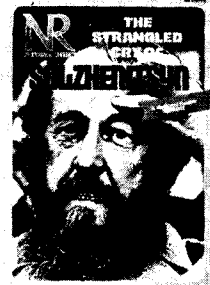
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Death for Gilmore?

On The Right

New York, Nov. 23—In the matter of Gary Mark Gilmore, we note the strange behavior, as so often is the case, of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has entered the case in opposition to Gilmore's plea to the state of Utah to get on with its capital sentence.

The reasoning of the ACLU is roughly as follows: Capital punishment is evil. Therefore, if you cannot persuade a state to repeal its capital-punishment law, and if you cannot persuade the Supreme Court to declare such a law, if passed by a state, unconstitutional: then use whatever devices you can to stand in the way of the execution of such a law. Never mind that the condemned man asks the state to proceed. All that man is doing is saying that he would rather be shot than live a lifetime in prison. His wish should not prevail, for the simple reason that an individual's opting for an end the state ought never to have authorized does not have the effect of baptizing that end. If—let us say—a prisoner offered to permit his hands to be amputated, preferring that punishment over a ten-year sentence for theft, the state ought not to comply with the prisoner's choice. That which is barbaric remains so irrespective of an individual's preferences.

THE LOGIC, so far as it goes, is good. Although it is at odds with the over-arching commitment of the ACLU to the notion of sovereignty over one's own body. Let us examine one or two variations of the argument:

1. Does an individual have the right to submit to sadistic treatment? To judge from the flotsam that silts up in the magazine racks, there is a considerable appetite for this sort of thing. Let us hypothesize an off-Broadway show, featuring an S/M production in which the heroine is flailed—real whips, real woman, real blood—for the delectation of the depraved. One assumes that the ACLU would defend the right of the producers to get on with it, trotting out the argument that no one has the right to interfere with the means by which others take their pleasure. The

opposing argument is that the community has the right first to define, then to suppress, depravity. Moreover, the community legitimately concerns itself over the coarsening effect of depravity.

2. Does the individual's right over his own body extend to suicide? Most states have laws against suicide, notwithstanding that of all unenforceable laws, this is probably the most conspicuously unenforceable. Still, the policeman who at great risk to himself succeeds in aborting a suicide by climbing up to the window of the skyscraper in which the woman hovers, and grabbing her before she jumps, more often than not aborts an impulse permanently. The figures show that the inclination to suicide is more often than not permanently choked off, if only the suicide is prevented. Moreover, the theological argument is profoundly relevant. That which is vouchsafed to the human being by providence, he must not dispossess himself of. It is the right to life. Gilmore has greatly confused matters by attempting suicide. Strangely, there are few voices to be heard saying that the prison authorities were wrong in using a stomach pump to revive Gilmore. No doubt the judiciary in Utah would have taken quiet satisfaction if Gilmore, by successfully ending his own life, had relieved the state of the necessity of coping with the difficult questions he has raised.

3. Assuming that there were not capital punishment, what would be the position of the ACLU toward a prisoner who, having been sentenced to life in jail, presented himself before the authorities and asked for drugs sufficient to end his own life? Here the state would not be executing the prisoner, merely making available to the prisoner the means by which the prisoner could legislate an alternative for himself. Or are there people around who believe that the state should be permitted to prescribe the exact nature of the punishment? We saw that impulse at work in Nuremberg when Hermann Goering managed to swallow poison on the eve of his scheduled

hanging. (The memorable lead on United Press Radio on that occasion was: "Hermann Goering cheated death today by committing suicide.") There was general consternation, stomach pumps working overtime, because it was desired that Goering undergo the ritual of execution. The condemned man is not free to mull over the known means of extinguishing human life, and then express his preference.

The arguments are complex, and Gilmore, perhaps inadvertently, has confronted the community with them by his bizarre request. In theatrical terms, after ten years without capital punishment, his request is something of a bridge between total abstinence and systematic resumption of capital punishment. Moreover, he has made it plain for all to see that capital punishment is cruel and unusual insofar as it is eccentrically meted out. The state has the right to take life, when the right to life is forfeited. The torture is the result of indecision. □

CHICAGO ISN'T THE WORST

Chicago, Nov. 18—One wonders why he is so obstinately good-natured, but some people—not enough, alas

—are simply born that way. His beat, in Chicago, comprehends an area near the University of Chicago distinguished by the highest homicide rate in the United States. He is thirty years old, was married at 19, has two children, and you would think his beat was the Garden of Eden. He does, however, tell you that the system is simply not working. In Chicago, as in so many other places, crime is something of a licensed activity.

At the moment, he is involved in a case involving three boys, aged 14, 15, and 16. They have had a merry old time during the past season. Their specialty was breaking silently into a small house, or apartment, immobilizing the mother at gunpoint, bringing down the children and the father, tying them up, and ceremonially raping the mother in their presence. Then they would pick up the portable arti-

facts—color television sets were specially prized—and, with exemplary filial devotion, give these to their mothers, who, when questioned about the appearance of their homes, which had begun to look like Macy's bargain basement, informed the police that they assumed their sons were profitably engaged, which is certainly true, crime being extremely profitable in Chicago. What, the visitor asked, would the boys receive in the way of prison sentences, now that they were finally apprehended? "Two years, maximum," the policeman said.

How did they get their guns?

Nothing, it appears, could be easier. There is a gun-registration law in Chicago, indeed in Illinois. The effect of it, said the policeman, is to make it more difficult for people who are straight (his word) to arm themselves. Others have no problem at all—guns abound. And get this. There is one outfit, apparently known to just about everyone, which rents you guns. The rental is very simple: 10 per cent of the money that gun helps you to rob. Besides, Indiana is only twenty miles away, and there are no effective registration laws there.

But what if you get caught with a gun on your person, without a permit? What happens then, said the policeman, smiling, is—nothing. What do you mean, "nothing"? Well, the policeman takes you before a judge, and the judge says, "Case dismissed." "That's what I mean by nothing."

WHY ARE things so bad? Well, the cop says, there is one obvious reason why. The prisons are full, and there isn't any room for extra people. So when anybody who has done anything less than torture his grandmother to death comes before the judge, the judge tends just to shove the case to one side, grant continuance after continuance, and, eventually, the case, if not formally dismissed, sort of dies from attrition.

"Isn't that pretty demoralizing for the police?" "Yes," he said, beaming.

Then there is the problem of getting people to testify. If there are ten witnesses to a felony, you are lucky if you can persuade one, or at most two, to testify. There are reasons: the general solidarity of a culture resigned to living on the other side of the law. Fear of reprisal. But above all, a sense of uselessness. It isn't as though you were a party to collaring a rabid dog, and removing him from the playground, so that your children could ever after be safe. These rabid dogs are simply sent to the pound for a day or two, or a week, perhaps a month,

and they are back. And in any case, the density of the dog population does not visibly diminish.

It is as useless as swatting the legendary mosquito on your arm when traveling up the Amazon. Why bother yourself? The judges don't care. The lawyers will make you out a liar. The legislature won't vote the money for the prisons. The politicians don't even bother any more to run for office calling for law and order. And indeed it is significant that the most prestigious civil rights organization in the country (in the world?) has given more attention during this period to the right of a Utah killer not to get killed even though he wants to be killed, than to a half-million people in Chicago who, every day, are deprived of their life, liberty, and property by a criminal class that enjoys permanent predatory rights to mug, rape, and kill.

"But believe me," the cop said happily, "Chicago isn't the worst. Not by any means." □

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, COME HOME

New York, Nov. 30

—Mr. Bayard Rustin, the influential black intellectual social democrat, has written to his brothers in the press asking, "What ever happened to Eldridge Cleaver?" Mr. Rustin is distressed that Cleaver is out, or substantially so, of the public view—precisely at a moment when he should be receiving maximum attention. "The handling of his case by the media has at times seemed a conspiracy not to treat Cleaver with the seriousness he warrants."

It isn't true, of course, that the basic Cleaver story is unknown. Eldridge Cleaver was the godfather of the Black Panther organization, the acme of whose theatrical life was reached when Robert Kennedy was killed and the Black Panther newspaper published a picture of him lying in his blood over the caption, "Death for another pig." Its three principal figures were Bobby Seale, who beat a murder rap in Connecticut; Huey Newton, who was freed of one murder rap and is wanted now for another murder—and Eldridge Cleaver, who began his career by doing time for rape and robbery, got out on bail, involved himself in a shoot-out in which his companion was killed, then jumped bail and went to the free world to escape further persecution by the pigs.

His free world began in Cuba where, after a few months, he noticed that in the discrimination-free land of Cuba, all the generals were white, and all the privates were black. He went on,

like *Candide*; to Algeria this time, where he was received as a hero and treated like a prisoner. After a few years, he idled over to Paris. In France he was free, but after a while perspective set in, and one day he arrived back in the United States and turned himself in. He was handled by California authorities as a hot potato, but after six months he got bail, and began to address the American public about his career. It is here that his story starts, the story that moves Bayard Rustin—and me.

As a young man, Cleaver began as a desperado of sorts, but soon his antinomianism was ideologized. He then consecrated his violence to the ideals of a Marxist revolution. He wrote a searing book of hatred called *Soul on Ice*, and hung out his shingle at *Ramparts* magazine, where he zestfully contributed to a new American foreign policy which consisted in denouncing the CIA for violence, and a democratic policy teaching the virtues of violence.

All that, Eldridge Cleaver put behind him when he arrived back in the United States. And he was to face the bitterest experience of all.

When Cleaver was strutting about the United States denouncing it, he was never without friends, supporters, and a gallery. Now that he is back, sharing his experiences of that totalitarian world which he had thought of as free, he is greeted with sullenness by many student bodies and with forthright hostility by students who cannot bear to hear the former leader of the Black Panthers praise American institutions and denounce the totalitarian ways of much of the Third World. At Northwestern, he was booed when he criticized Castro's Cuba—by students who never lived in Castro's Cuba.

Mr. Rustin reminds us that "the white radical chic is no longer interested in cocktail parties for black radicals, especially ones like Cleaver who no longer satisfy their voyeuristic interest in revolution." He goes on to say: "And conservatives, of course, are no more interested in helping Cleaver the democratic reformer than they were in helping Cleaver the revolutionary." That statement is a little confusing. Conservatives have every reason to rejoice in the education of Cleaver, and in the courage he has shown by renouncing his own past. It is hardly our duty to press upon the country Mr. Cleaver's suggested domestic reforms, except insofar as they are desirable. But Cleaver's integrity is a matter for national celebration, toward which I light this candle. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Weapon that an angry movie actress (1905-1965) might have used

43 90 18 80 136 105 126 1

B. Weapon that a prominent jurist (1872-1961) might have used

74 69 64 117 54 19 83

C. Type of rifle

63 70 159 48 31 41 130

D. Weapon that might suit a Japanese general to a T

87 2 40 32 58 97 49

E. Excavation used by the military

82 20 3 149 110 55

F. Obsolete way of saying hope

116 51 39 65 127 34 172 132 84

G. Spoliation

102 148 164 35 4 106

H. Member of a special regiment or corps

109 152 111 36 119 135 81 165 176

I. Was indebted to

96 61 75 13

J. Not fully incubated

27 112 95 121 5 85 174 37 179

K. Mineral consisting of a titanite romeite related to pyrochlore

8 86 92 42 113 52 21 124

L. He hit one-third as many homers as Babe Ruth in 1928 final World Series game

38 59 115 22 98

M. Timid

71 56 104 99 93 158 44 53 137

N. BINDER

175 60 23 120 168 154

O. Nation that can kill our vote in United Nations organization

17 91 28 33 50 57

P. Trenchermen might duel with these

26 129 72 66 153 88

Q. These have eighteen legs and catch flies

141 10 107 169 122

R. Extra fee paid counsel in Australia for each day of trial beyond first five hours

143 67 73 138 157 182 6 100 166

S. What a king might grant

180 114 76 128 7 108 142 139

T. What the elder Pitt was earl of

156 62 9 94 118 11 45

U. Ebullient

163 77 24 123 170 181

V. Hoover was the last member of this to become president

167 46 150 131 12 78 162

W. Member of Professional Golfers' Association Hall of Fame (yes he is!)

103 155 160 145 140 177

X. A Spanish weapon or a Portuguese guitar

79 89 25 15 146 133 151

Y. To link in an inseparable fashion

171 125 16 47 29 144 161 178

Z. Idle talk

147 30 101 173 14 134 68

DIRECTIONS

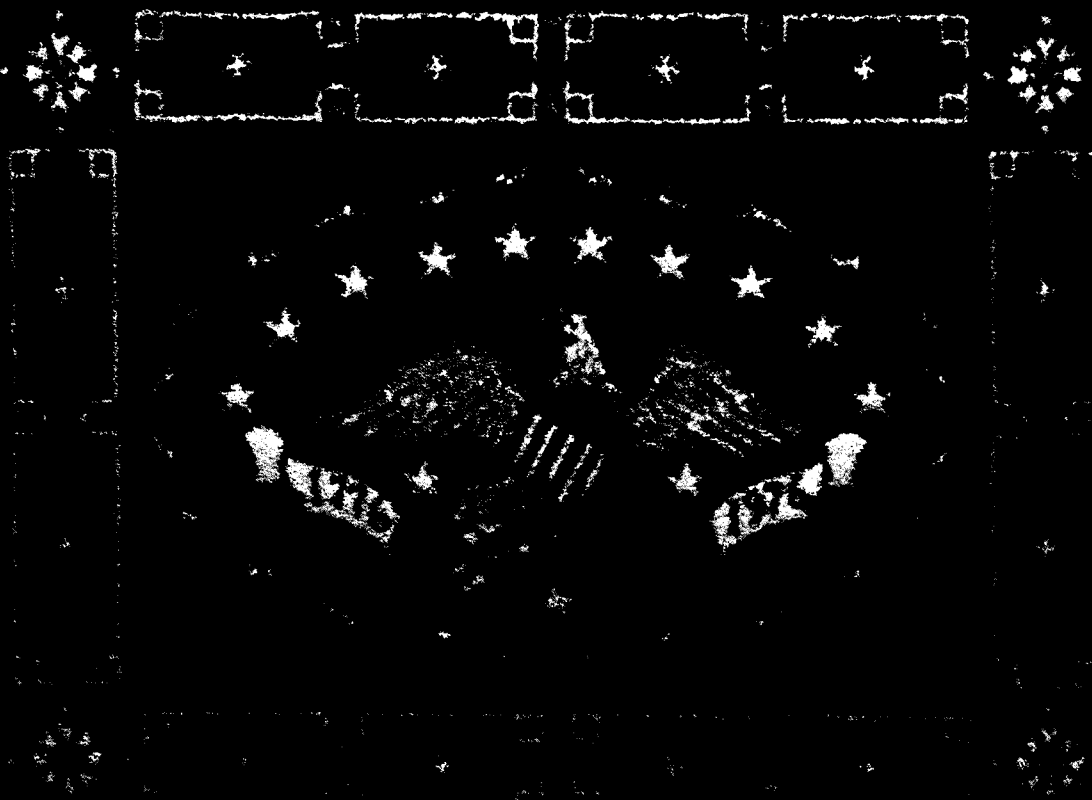
The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1420 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 D	3 E	4 G		5 J	6 R	7 S		8 K	9 T	10 Q		11 T	12 V	13 I	
14 Z	15 X	16 Y		17 O	18 A	19 B	20 E	21 K	22 L		23 N	24 U	25 X	26 P		27 J
28 O		29 Y	30 Z	31 C		32 D	33 O	34 F	35 G	36 H	37 J	38 L		39 F	40 D	41 C
42 K	43 A	44 M	45 T	46 V	47 Y		48 C	49 D		50 O	51 F	52 K	53 M	54 B		55 E
56 M	57 O		58 D	59 L	60 N		61 I	62 T	63 C	64 B	65 F	66 P	67 R	68 Z		69 B
70 C	71 M		72 P	73 R		74 B	75 I		76 S	77 U	78 V	79 X	80 A		81 H	82 E
	83 B	84 F	85 J	86 K	87 D	88 P	89 X	90 A	91 O		92 K	93 M	94 T	95 J	96 I	97 D
98 L		99 M	100 R	101 Z	102 G		103 W	104 M		105 A	106 G	107 Q	108 S	109 H		110 E
111 H	112 J	113 K	114 S	115 L	116 F	117 B		118 T	119 H	120 N	121 J	122 Q	123 U	124 K	125 Y	
126 A	127 F		128 S	129 P	130 C	131 V	132 F	133 X	134 Z	135 H		136 A	137 M	138 R	139 S	140 W
141 Q		142 S	143 R	144 Y	145 W	146 X		147 Z	148 G	149 E		150 V	151 X		152 H	153 P
154 N	155 W	156 T	157 R	158 M		159 C	160 W	161 Y	162 V	163 U		164 G	165 H	166 R	167 V	168 N
169 Q	170 U		171 Y	172 F		173 Z	174 J	175 N	176 H	177 W	178 Y		179 J	180 S	181 U	182 R

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